

The last night of the old year and the first day of the New Year was made hideous by the shooting off of firearms and fireworks, and discordant noise and music. I began the new year badly by kicking Otis's toys out of the doorway. He had paid little or no attention to my repeated requests that he refrain from blocking the ~~door~~ entrances to different rooms because of the inconvenience ~~it~~ it caused to others. He persisted in placing his toys in and about the doorways so that any one who wished to enter either had to stop to remove them or call him to remove them, which he always did reluctantly. This time I simply strode through them, kicking them ruthlessly right and left regardless of consequences--because I had repeatedly warned him of what would happen, and I wanted to make a permanent impression upon the mind of this overgrown eleven-year old boy. It did. We were never troubled again--but as a result of this incident he got all the sympathy of his foster mother and sister, and I was regarded as a brute, and was made to feel very uncomfortable. Nevertheless, I still think that it is better to make cats, dogs, horses, and children, ~~pay attention to~~ obey certain rules and pay attention to certain requests for their own good and the comfort and convenience of others, even though ^eseemingly brutal methods have to be used to reach the seat of their limited intelligence; otherwise they are a misery to themselves and a nuisance to others, all of which is wholly unnecessary, fraught with danger to them, and does not contribute to their happiness.

On the 2d I submitted to the Minister the draft of instructions to the Argentine consuls that I had prepared at his request. In his office he introduced me to a distinguished looking gentleman, Sr. Martinez de Hoz, who in perfect English invited me to visit him at his home near Mar del Plata. This in-

(1923)

E-1335.1242

visitation was later repeated through Dr. Urien. In the afternoon Sr. Dolare presented me with an ornate document bearing the signatures of the principal employes of the bureau as a testimonial that had been prepared in the belief that I was to leave at the expiration of my contract the last of December.

On the 5th I mailed a booklet of photographs taken at the estate near Guanaco to Sr. Malbran, the administrador. Sr. Patroni, chief of the office of information, presented me with an autograph copy of his book "Bellezas de Argentina."

On the 7th I received a letter from Dr. H. C. Taylor, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics at Washington, suggesting that I could have the appointment as permanent delegate of the United States to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

The next few days we were much occupied with questions of reorganizing~~g~~ the personnel of the bureau and my secretary, Mr. Geldart, was much disappointed because he was not selected as secretary to the chief. He became so persistent in demanding promotion and increase in salary that I had to reprove him and try to make him realize his youth, his lack of education, and preparation and experience in comparison with others, and counsel patience.

On January 9th in the evening I met Dr. Urien, Sr. Bush Frere, and Sr. Pastor, at the Estacion Constitucion, and together we left on the 7.40 train for ^{Dorrego}~~Dureo~~, a small town about forty miles east of ^Bahia Blanca. The next morning we woke up before reaching Tandil where a low range of mountains crosses the pampa from east to west. We reached ^r~~Dureo~~^A Dorrego in the forenoon. In the afternoon we inspect~~ed~~ the warehouse of a cooperative society and saw some of the typical Argentine freight wagons with their enormous

(1923)

~~E-1334~~. / 243

wheels, pulled by ten to twenty horses, and capable of hauling twenty tons over country roads. In an automobile we were driven some distance out into the country to the farm of one of the officers of the society who was born of English parents. His wheat was badly infested with an insect that develops in the stem (espiga blanca). The soil was a rich black loam but rather thin over outcropping limestone layers and nodules. About the house had been planted trees and flowering shrubs but they were faring badly from apparent lack of moisture. *P* We had an interesting interview with the mayor, "intendente," who was a big robust, esterprising north Italian. He gave the impression of a man of tremendous force and will power. He had taken a complete census of the population and agriculture of his district, of which he was justly proud. I asked him how he did it without the aid of the provincial or national government. His eyes snapped as he replied, "I personally made a list of the questions I ^awanted answered, had them printed by the municipalidad, instructed the policia to visit every house and stop every man, woman, and child on the roads or in the fields and get the information, and if anybody refused they were to be arrested and thrown into the callaboza until they had a change of heart." The result was that he had in the safe in his private office rather complete information concerning every human being in his district, which would correspond with a county in the United States.

The next day was clear with a hot wind. From an early hour we inspected wheat fields. After luncheon we left at 2 p.m. by train for Juarez, where we arrived after sundown. The country traversed was much the same throughout, open prairies in natural grass with herds of cattle, and occasional fields of oats and wheat growing on a rich black soil underlain with limestone nodules

(1923)

E-1335 1244

During the night a torrential rain fell and the temperature fell 20 degrees so that by morning it was uncomfortably cool in contrast with the heat of the previous day.

We left at an early morning hour and for fifteen leagues splashed over soft dirt roads which in many places were under water. Mile after mile we ^ofollowed the wagon track which ran midway between barbed wire fences, the fences being about 200 feet apart with native grass land between. In several places we passed the great freighter wagons parked to one side of the road, the drove of horses belonging to each turned loose to forage for themselves, the harness in piles near the wagons, and the crews camped out under the wagons with tarpaulins hung ⁱⁿ from one side to protect them from the raw cold wind. It was a cheerless outlook for them on the cold prairie, without fire, under dripping skies and cold winds, and not a house in sight. As for ourselves, we were dressed in summer clothing and the farther we went the colder we got. My teeth were chattering and I was shaking with rigors and wishing devoutly that I was back in the United States where the climate behaves itself and that Argentina and everything Argentine were at the bottom of the sea. That was my physical condition and frame of mind when we drove into a ranch and stopped at the hut of a peone. ^PIt was a little two-room mud hut with a dirt floor and a fireplace at one end. The moment we entered the young señora, an attractive young mother, made a small fire with corn cobs and soon had a kettle of hot water. Then she passed the yerba mate gourd about and each in turn took a sip of the scalding hot beverage. ^PI asked if she could give me some "mate bollita," that is, mate brewed as tea and served in a cup or bowl. She did so very graciously

(1923)

~~E-1336~~ 1245

and for the first time I experienced the marvelous effects of this wonderful herb and understood why ^{it} ~~is~~ is so popular with those who drink it. The thick heavy earthen bowl she handed me contained about a quart of the steaming beverage. It looked, smelled, and tasted like sage tea. I warmed my hands that were stiff with cold about the bowl. As the beverage cooled somewhat I began to sip it. Gradually a genial warmth stole through me and relaxed my tense muscles. At first I attributed this to the physical heat of the beverage. But as I absorbed more and more of it I realized that something else was taking place. I not only began to feel pleasurably warm from head to foot, but the mental gloom and pessimism that had hung over me like a black murky cloud faded away and I began to experience a mild feeling of elation, of optimism, of youth, and of mental and physical alertness. This was not intoxication, but simply exhilaration. Nor was this feeling temporary; it lasted all day, and there were no disagreeable after effects. I noted also that I had no desire for food, which was fortunate because we were delayed on the return trip on the same road by which we came.

Returning, our
~~Our~~ automobile followed a wagon rut for miles. At a low place where the ground was soft the rut was deeper than the wheels of the automobile with the result that the metal plate below and projecting in front of the radiator scooped up a mass of soft mud which banked up to the top of the radiator, the bottom of the chassis rested on the muddy surface of the road, and the rear wheels lost their grip. We stepped out into the mud and looked ruefully at our stalled transportation. The driver extracted from the rear of the machine a small spade with which he cleared away the mud in front of the radiator and some of the surface

(1923)

~~E-1337~~ 1246

mud in front of the car, but even so it could not budge, although we all joined in pushing. Then a ray of hope appeared on the horizon in the shape of a peone riding a small pony. We awaited his arrival. He proved to be a stupid looking young man who was not at all interested in our plight. From him we learned that it was several miles to the nearest house or the nearest freighter with horses, and fifteen or twenty miles to the nearest village. The rider flatly refused to try to help us out of our predicament either by his own efforts or the strength of his mount. Persuasion and offers of money having failed to move him, Dr. Urien suddenly wrought a great change in him, a change that was magical. Grasping the pony's bridle in his hand so that he could not escape he spoke sternly to the young man, saying that he was a high official of the national government and was authorized by law to commandeer all men and horses for the government service; ordered him to dismount and attached~~d~~ the rope hang^ging from the saddle to the horse's neck at one end and the other end to the front of the machine. The order was given in sharp, staccato, military form. The young man obeyed instantly and without question and did exactly what he was told. Among other things he was told to take the spade and dig the machine clear. Then with the combined power of the engine, our pushing, and the plunging of the pony, the car was pulled out of the morass and on to solid ground. With a parting lecture to the young man, but no tips, we climbed into the machine with muddy shoes and spattered clothing, and resumed our journey.

We reached Juarez in the early afternoon and inspected a flour mill of moderate size but modern in every respect. It was operated by two young Italian brothers who had inher^hited the

(1923)

~~E-1338.1247~~

property from their father and who lived in a comfortable residence near the mill that was presided over by their mother. The younger of the two brothers was a radio enthusiast. He showed me with much pride the experimental laboratory he had constructed of concrete and fitted up with the latest appliances. It consisted of a large room for instruments and a smaller one as a library. In the library he had every book and every periodical published in several different languages ^{at} that had so far appeared. His mother complained that her son worked all day in the mill and sat up all night with his radios and she feared for his health. The young man related with modest pride that he was the first man in Argentina to receive a message direct from Australia. He had previously received many messages from North America and some from Europe.

We left Juarez by the 7.30 p.m. train and reached Buenos Ayres the next morning in time for breakfast.

At the office the day was taken up largely by visitors, Mr. Broeger, the corn specialist; Mr. Backhouse, the English plant breeder; Mr. North, of the U.S. Tariff Commission; Mr. Phillips, the Australian nurseryman; and Mr. Brady, the U.S. Trade Commissioner.

I was especially pleased to meet Mr. Backhouse, whose experience in Argentina was interesting. Many years previously he had been engaged by the Argentine Department of Agriculture to improve the wheats of Argentina. Through several years of patient and persistent effort and the making of innumerable crosses and selections he had succeeded in developing several superior strains of wheat and his work promised to be of inestimable value to the country. Then came the disastrous regime of the primitive ^{minded} but politically omnipotent Irrigoyen who at once withdrew support

(1923)

from all forms of scientific research. Mr. Backhouse resigned in disgust and developed an apiary industry in the Province of ~~Mau~~ Neuquen over against the Andes Mountains. He was reputed to have prospered greatly. ^{After} For six years of marking time under Irrigoyen the Department of Agriculture took on a new lease of life under the administration of President Alvear and the energetic direction of Dr. LeBreton. As part of their enlightened program of agricultural development they engaged the services of ^P Prof. Strampelli, the celebrated geneticist of Italy, to develop better strains of wheat for Argentina and paid him the highest salary ^{agricultural} ever paid to an expert by a government. Prof. Strampelli came to Argentina, learned of the work of Mr. Backhouse, examined his records, and announced to the ^M Minister that the work for which he had been engaged was already done and that Argentina already had a distinguished geneticist, Mr. Backhouse, ^{and} that to the lasting disgrace of Argentina that distinguished scientist had not received proper recognition; for all of which reasons he had the honor to tender his resignation, after which he departed by first steamer for his native land. All honor to Prof. Strampelli for his honorable action. Dr. LeBreton immediately telegraphed to Mr. Backhouse requesting him to come to Buenos Ayres for an interview. The Minister wanted him to reenter the service. Mr. Backhouse was independent and reluctant, but finally agreed on condition that a biological and plant breeding laboratory should be established, with ample funds and equipment and under his unhampered direction. The project made slow progress, however, because the malign influence of Irrigoyen was sufficient to prevent appropriations from being made for the various constructive measures of the new administration. Upon investigation it was ascertained that the precious seed of the improved strains

(1925)

~~E-1340~~ 1249

of wheat of priceless value developed by Mr. Backhouse had been thrown about in an old warehouse, part of them had been destroyed by fire, and some by the depredations of rats and insects, but enough remained with which to make a new beginning.

On the 14th the bureau began to receive the first returns of the new crop reporting questionnaire. The next day there was a meeting of the newly organized crop reporting board which I attended.

The following day I was approached by a gentleman who wanted to organize a joint stock company for a system of cooperative grain elevators throughout the country and offering me a large block of stock for the use of my name, which I declined.

The next ^{day} ~~as~~ Dr. Urien and I inspected a new laboratory equipped with grinding and baking apparatus for testing and grading the different varieties of wheat. The Minister asked me to see that proper safeguards were set up to prevent the premature giving out of crop statistics. I attended a meeting of the field inspectors engaged in estimating the area planted to maize.

On the 18th I read a report of an economic study of soy beans and another on progress in maize production and exports, and supervised work in the statistical bureau. At the house my wife had a children's party in honor of Otis's eleventh birthday. The children were completely tired out and petulant.

The 21st I left with Dr. Urien on the 7 a.m. train and arrived at Tandil at 4 p.m., stopping at the Palace Hotel. Before sundown we walked out to Independence Park from which we had a fine view of the city spread out on the slope of a rather high hill.

The next day we spent the forenoon driving over fairly

(1924)

~~E-1341~~. 1250

good roads and saw many prosperous estates, fine mansions, magnificent groves of pine, cedar, arborvitae, great meadows and fields of maize, with herds of purebred or grade cattle and horses. It was excessively hot and we all took a siesta in the afternoon. Later we drove out to the sierras and inspected the remains of the celebrated rolling stone which had toppled over the year before during a high wind storm. Prior to that catastrophe it was possible for a man to cause the stone to oscillate although it was as large as a small house. Our visit was cut short by the rapid approach of a rolling mass of dark clouds riven by lightning, and by the time we reached our^r automobile at the foot of the small mountain a tropical deluge descended that penetrated everything and made driving difficult. We were drenched to the skin when we reached the hotel.

Leaving Tandil the next morning at an early hour we reached the small town of Cartagena^a at noon. Here we dined with the local cooperative society, after which we were driven about the surrounding country. In a stubble field of loose black loam I counted no less than six different varieties of clover and alfalfa that had volunteered along with many other different species. Late harvesting and threshing were under way in several localities.

At 4 p.m. we left by train for Necoche^a on the coast east of Bahia Blanca, where we arrived after dark. This place had a good port which might well serve a considerable area but for the rivalry of Bahia Blanca, which had sufficient influence with the railway to prevent cooperation with the port. The result was that all freight to or from the port had to be hauled considerable distances by wagon transport. Here we saw long lines of the giant Argentine freight wagons, most of them incoming with

loads of wheat in bags, the outgoing ones loaded with farm machinery.

The next day we spent the forenoon inspecting the port, its facilities for handling freight, and the adjoining warehouses.

In the afternoon we visited the bathing beach and a very attractive park and promenade. On the whole Necococha was a rather attractive town

The morning of January 25 dawned clear and cool. At 5 a.m. we left for Balcarce, where we arrived at 9 a.m. After resting awhile in the hotel and eating almuerzo (breakfast) at 11 a.m. we were taken by the Potato King of the section in his Ford automobile on a tour of inspection of the rather large area in Irish potatoes on the plain at the foot of the beautiful gray limestone sierras. The Potato King was a native Italian of herculean physique and specialized on the growing and merchandizing of potatoes. He showed us many thousands of acres of potatoes in blossom, with perfect stands, thrifty plants that met across the middles, and wholly free from disease and insect pests. Some of these potatoes were grown on his own land, others on leased land, and the remainder he expected to handle on a commission basis. In the afternoon one of the tires went flat. In the absence of a jack or other appliance to raise the wheel so that the tire could be removed, the Potato King impatiently took hold of the axle and raised and ~~suspended~~ held it suspended in the air with one hand while the tire was removed. When I expressed surprise and admiration at this exhibition of strength, the giant replied, "That is nothing; I could lift and carry the whole machine with one hand." I rather thought he could. As to the potato situation the Potato King said there was overproduction and that the market price would barely pay the cost of digging.

(1924)

E--1343. 1252

That evening we were the guests of the Potato King at a banquet provided at his expense by the local hotel and attended by the ^Intendent~~x~~^e and other local notables. It was a feast of Argentine dishes in which spaghetti was a prominent feature, along with fish, chicken, steak, and the crowning piece was an enormous layer cake covered with icing and lighted candles and candied flowers. At the conclusion and while sipping champagne the guests began to call on "Caruso" for a song, it being explained to me that the Potato King was locally known by that name. He readily complied in a magnificent baritone and sung a number of Italian folk songs and selections from operas with great feeling, each selection being heartily applauded. Looking through the window I saw a gathering of people from the village listening to the singing and joining in the applause. He was accompanied by one of his associates on an ancient piano at the end of the dining room. Altogether it was a very pleasing entertainment. I asked if "Caruso" had had any training, and he replied proudly that it was not necessary for an Italian to take lessons--they sang spontaneously and melodiously as do the birds and the negroes of our southland. After hearing peasants singing at their work in Italy I am inclined to believe he ~~is~~ ^{was} right.

The next morning we left Balcarce at 6 a.m. and arrived at Mar del Plata at 9 a.m. This is the famous society resort of Argentina--its Atlantic City. Here the foothills of the Sierra of Tandil break off at the ocean front. The general level of the platea^u~~x~~ is at least sixty feet above the beach, and it ends in many places as an abrupt wall or cliff overlooking the sea. The town is built around a small bay with hills behind it. In a sort of hollow between the hills the ground slopes gradually

(1924)

E-1344. 1253

to the bathing beach. For a distance of perhaps half a mile or more a fine concrete promenade had been built like a semi-circular bridge so that the waves could wash up to and underneath the structure as far as an ornamental protective wall on the other side, with broad steps at intervals leading down to the beach proper. Along the land side was a row of ornamental pavilions, show rooms, restaurants, and hotels. This promenade was the resort of the wealth and fashion of Argentina, the gentlemen wearing the latest sports costumes or dress suits and the ladies attired in the latest French frocks. Up the slopes of the hills were hotels, villas, amusement parks, and a casino for gambling, said to be the largest, best appointed and most flourishing on the American continent. Dr. Urien and I walked from our hotel to the beach and stopped en route to interview the local crop reporter of the bureau. He was proprietor of a tobacco shop, Italian by nationality, intelligent, quick witted, and rather skeptical of the value of any change in the present system of crop reporting. He volunteered to take us in his car out to the estate of Sr. Martinez de Hoz in the afternoon. We spent an hour very ^agreedably on the promenade.

Early in the afternoon we were driven out over an undulating limestone country to Chapadmalal, the estancia ^{of Martinez} to Sr. de Hoz, situated ten or fifteen miles from Mar del Plata and extending from the coast inland for a much greater distance. From the public road we turned into an entrance between stone pillars and drove ^amile or more through a beautiful avenue of large cedars, ^{and} through a stately grove of magnificent eucalyptus trees, and dismounted in front of a mansion that looked ^{as} if it might have been transplanted bodily from an old English estate. It had wings and towers covered with ivy and was surrounded by green

(1924)

~~E-1346.~~ 1255

that I was surprised when our host stopped at what he called his experimental poultry yard, situated at a considerable distance from the main establishment. With considerable pride he showed me specimens of most of the recognized breeds and pointed out the distinguishing characteristics of each.

Then we drove back to inspect the farm buildings. En route he pointed out with a show of affection a medium sized mare of good conformation and obviously no longer young and remarked that her colts had sold for more than 350,000 pesos (about \$100,000). The farm buildings were large, clean, well designed, substantial, and covered a considerable area. A long row of stallion boxes was the last word in horse quarters de luxe. Each stallion had his own box, a room about eighteen feet square, with polished hardwood trimmings and burnished brass fittings, individual harness and toilet articles, ^{and} stood on a floor covered two feet deep with fresh clean straw. Each of these equine princes had his own private valet and an assistant and his own individual pasture lot where he could graze and kick up his aristocratic heels and sniff the free air of Argentina. A dozen of these beautiful animals were led out for our inspection. Other great barns were occupied by prize bulls in equally luxurious quarters.

P In one of the barns an interesting experiment was under way. Sr. Martinez de Hoz said he was trying to ascertain just how much weight a purebred calf could be made to take on day by day and week by week on forced ~~mixx~~ feed. He believed that cow's milk was the most perfect natural food for growing young bovine stock, not only during the first year of their life but subsequently. To test his theory he had selected a number of calves of both sexes and allowed them to have access to their mothers until the time came to wean them and then had them transferred to

(1923)

E--1347. 1256

fresh foster mothers. To overcome the objection of cows to serving as foster mothers to calves not their own a gross deception was practiced. The fresh cows were permitted to give nourishment to their own calves for a few minutes. They were then separated and driven between two fences so close together that the cows could not move about or look around. The calves were brought around to stand in front of their mothers and be nuzzled and licked. While the foster mothers were so occupied the overgrown and corpulent yearlings were admitted to the side of the imprisoned cows and allowed to gorge themselves on fresh milk. So long as the cows had their calves before their eyes and within reach of their noses they were perfectly contented. Our host said the experiment had been under way only a few months but he felt confident that the results would verify his theory. *H* Another barn housed a flock of remarkably fine sheep. There were siloes and barns for storing hay, some of them with roofs that could be elevated with pulleys or slid backwards and forwards on roller bearings. There was an administrative building with bookkeepers and records in which complete and detailed accounts were kept with every feature of the estate.

Leaving the farm buildings we drove through the magnificent eucalyptus grove to a polo field where a spirited game was under way as the sun sunk in splendor behind a bank of clouds. Then we were driven to the mansion where tea and cakes were served, along with whiskey and soda. There was amiable conversation, mostly in English, and one of the daughters played some pieces on the piano. On parting our host gave me the two last remaining copies of a richly illustrated booklet on "Chapadmalal", one for the U.S. Secretary of Agriculture and the other for myself. This estancia surpassed any agricultural establishment I have seen

(1924)

~~E-4348~~ 1257

in any country, with the possible exception of a sugar plantation in Hungary.

It was after dark when we reached our hotel in Mar del Plata. After supper we repaired to a large ball room in which an orchestra was playing. Around three sides of this large ball room was a row of chairs occupied by attractive young ladies. The gentlemen stood about in an adjoining room, most of them in full dress. All of them seemed to be greatly interested in the array of feminine beauty in the ball room and desirous of participating in the dance. Occasionally a gentleman would recognize a lady, or she him, and was bold enough to enter and engage her in a dance. Dr. Urien, young, tall, handsome, distinguished looking, was obviously eager for a dance; but he was a stranger and inhibited by his gentlemanly instincts and conventional training from asking a strange lady to dance with him, so he paced impatiently back and forth, glancing from time to time at the array of beautiful señoritas. Then the cave man entered--none other than the Potato King of Balcarce, "Caruso," our host of the previous evening. He was in full dress, with a resplendent waistcoat, diamond shirt studs and blazing diamonds on his fingers. He walked in with something of a swagger, nodded to Dr. Urien and other gentlemen, called out boisterous greetings to a few acquaintances, and strode unceremoniously into the ball room as if it were his private property. Swelling out his chest he walked leisurely in front of the row of female wallflowers, all strangers to him, surveyed each one critically and appraisingly, and after he had completed his inspection with the air of a lord he stepped up to the maiden of his choice, reached for *her* hand, lifted her to her feet, put his right arm about her waist--she wholly unresisting, and swept her off. And so for dance

after dance he took his pick of feminine beauty as a cave man's right, hugging and embracing each and every one to his heart's content and to their evident enjoyment and the envy of all male spectators. ¶ The educated gentlemen, university graduates, many of them familiar with salons of Paris and London, with their load of conventional inhibitions and restraints, could only mill about and curse the civilized society that had decreed that a gentleman should not be free to approach a lady without a formal introduction, which cannot be had in a mixed assembly of strangers. The Potato King was an Italian peasant, a big human animal without education and wholly ignorant of the usages of polite society and therefore, with the confidence that comes from a magnificent physique and wealth acquired by his own efforts, was without inhibitions and restraints. With sublime confidence he took ^{what} ~~want~~ he desired, and it was his. ¶ Until that evening I had always felt contempt for cave men and their tactics, but since this exhibition I have acquired respect for cavemen both in business and in society, and a strong suspicion that in their simple scheme of life, their physical and mental strength and energy, the directness with which they attain their objects, they are vastly superior to educated weaklings who are crippled by their artificial restraints and inhibitions that make cowards of them. The contrast between the Italian peasant Potato King and his success in business and with women and Dr. Urien could not have been more striking. Dr. Urien was not only young, handsome, and distinguished looking, but he was a highly educated, cultured, sensitive gentleman, had served with distinction in the national legislature and occupied a high official position, and yet he was financially embarrassed in paying for his home and personally embarrassed in finding a dance partner in a hotel, and suf-

(1923)

~~E-1350-1259~~ 1259

ferred chagrin and ^asense of defeat in both fields. ~~As for~~
Again I say that my respect for cave men and caveman methods
(of which we have many examples in the United States) has steadily increased as the result of this evening's experience, with age, and with analysis^es of various situations that have come under my observation. The net result is that I would advise any young man to take what he wants as a matter of right, so long as he keeps within the law and with due respect for the equal rights of other men. So far as females are concerned, ~~I am convinced~~ I am quite convinced that they are thrilled to the innermost fibers of their being ^{when} ~~to be~~ taken possession of and completely dominated by a male, any male, no matter how much or how indignantly and virtuously they may protest in deference to conventional female traditions.

After Dr. Urien realized the hopelessness of being introduced to a dancing partner, we walked from the hotel to the great casino. Dr. Urien simply showed his credentials as an ex-congressman and no further questions were asked. But the doorkeepers were extremely suspicious of me and it was only upon Dr. Urien's personal assurance that I was reluctantly admitted. We were required to register and, after catching a glimpse of a brilliantly lighted dining room and treading upon thick soft velvet carpets, we were admitted to a large brilliant^{ly} lighted hall with long rows of roulette tables. The room was swarming with people in evening dress and around each table were groups gazing intently at a revolving wheel in the center. There were piles of red and black discs which the people around the tables seemed to be buying and placing on numbered squares. After the wheel in the center ceased to revolve the attendant in charge would call out the winning colors and numbers, rake in the piles of colored

forced earnings and sense of defeat in both fields. The fact
Again I say that my respect for cave men and cave man methods
(of which we have many examples in the United States) has steadily
increased as the result of this evening's experience, with
age, and with analysis of various situations that have come under
my observation. The net result is that I would advise any young
man to take what he wants as a matter of right, so long as he
keeps within the law and with due respect for the equal rights
of other men. So far as females are concerned, I am convinced
I am quite convinced that they are thrilled to the innermost
fibers of their being ^{by} taken possession of and completely
dominated by a male, any male, no matter how much or how indig-
nantly and virtuously they may protest in defense to convention-
al female traditions.
After Dr. Urban realized the hopelessness of being intro-
duced to a dancing partner, we walked from the hotel to the great
casino. Dr. Urban slightly showed his credentials as an ex-casino-
man and no further questions were asked. But the bookkeepers
were extremely suspicious of me and it was only upon Dr. Urban's
personal assurance that I was reluctantly admitted. We were
regarded as register and, after catching a glimpse of a brilliant-
ly lighted dining room and treading upon thick soft velvet car-
pets, we were admitted to a large brilliantly lighted hall with
long rows of roulette tables. The room was swarming with people
in evening dress and around each table were groups gazing intent-
ly at a revolving wheel in the center. There were piles of red
and black discs which the people around the tables seemed to be
buying and placing on numbered squares. After the wheel in the
center ceased to revolve the attendant in charge would call out
the winning colors and numbers, take in the piles of colored

(1924)

~~E-1351~~ 1360 1260

discs which represented money and to hand out money to the winners. There was a general air of intense excitement which seemed to be contagious. Dr.Urien said that in this room fortunes were won and lost every night. Like Monte Carlo this casino was said to be the site of many suicides and it was because of these tragedies that the attendants were so scrupulous about admitting strangers. Neither Dr.Urien nor I felt that we could afford to risk any money on a gambling scheme with which we were not familiar and after observing the players for awhile we returned to the hotel.

The next day, January 27, was excessively hot in the forenoon, followed by showers. In the forenoon we wandered up and down the "Rambla" as the promenade was called, watching the bathers on the beach, looking into the attractive shops and at the procession of interesting people passing back and forth with money to spend and out for a good time. Because of the heat we indulged in a long siesta, followed by another visit to the Rambla, a late supper, and then to the railway station for the 10.30 train to Buenos ⁱAyres. We reached the station with our baggage in ample time. The train was alongside the platform and we had our tickets and sleeper reservations. There appeared to be no porters to put our suitcases in our compartments. I could see no particular reason why we could not carry them ourselves without assistance, but it was contrary to custom and Dr.Urien could not think of such a thing. We took turns standing guard ^vo~~r~~er the suitcases while the other searched for a porter. As the time approached for the train to leave Dr.Urien became more and more impatient and petulant. Finally, less than a minute before the train was to leave and after the signal had been given, I grabbed my suitcase, saying I did not propose to be left, and

(1924)

~~E-1352~~ 736 1261

took it to our compartment. As the train began to move Dr. Urien appeared lugging his suitcase and in a very bad humor. However, I invited him back to the diner and after a few whiskeys and sodas he forgot the humiliation of having to carry his own suitcase and became quite philosophical and cheerful. When in such moods his face had a way of lighting up in a youthful flashing smile that was a joy to see. With a little suggestion of praise and appreciation on my part under the genial influence of a few drinks and smokes he became a brilliant conversationalist and most entertaining company. I could not help but think, "And the spark that wrought this agreeable transformation is outlawed in good old U.S.A. where the innocent drinking of pure spirits for the sake of good fellowship, health, and happiness, is a crime. Surely, something is wrong and the system cannot last."

Early the next morning we reached home in time for breakfast. At the house I found a batch of mail from the United States. In it was a notice of my election ~~xxxxxxx~~ as a fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science. At the office Dr. Urien addressed the assembled employes of the bureau in which he gave me unstinted praise for the development of a program. The remainder of January was occupied with routine matters, receptions and numerous interviews, and the sending of letters and photographs to those who had entertained us on our travel trips.

On February 1 I received mail from the United States. My sister wrote that a florist in Frederick said he had paid more than \$250 for flowers to the hired man on my place. In other words, the hired man had taken advantage of my absence and sold ~~flowers~~ flowers and plants and pocketed the proceeds. About this time mosquitoes became an annoying pest that interfered with sleep.

(1924)

~~E-1353.~~ 1262 1262

On February 4 the papers of Buenos Ayresⁱ carried the notice of President Wilson's death and I received a formal letter of condolence from Dr. Urien.

The next day my wife met face to face on Avenida Florida the lady whom we had known as Miss Car^rerya on the steamer Vandyck whom we had last seen descending the gangplank to join her future husband. My wife and Mrs. Crozier were greatly concerned about her fate and I had made inquiries without success. My Wife and she had luncheon together and the following Sunday she brought her husband out to meet us. He was a typical robust, hearty, self-confident north Italian gentleman, and I was greatly amused to see how his big, robust, self-assertive wife, successful as a business woman in New York, was now apparently playing second fiddle, and seemed to enjoy the role. Another instance of cave man tactics. We spent a very enjoyable evening together. Always I shall remember this big hearty Italian woman and her unique but expressive phrase just before she ^j~~k~~oined her strange husband in a strange land, "What a one big God damn fool I am."

Our visitors had to leave early because of a threatening storm following oppressive heat. The wind rose, shrieked, and shook the house and there was a sudden drop in temperature. The next morning the thermometer registered 64 degrees. At the America Club I listened to an interesting address by Dr. Puyredon, Argentine Minister to the United States. Also I met a Mr. Wolf from Frederick County, Maryland, with whom it was a pleasure to talk about the prosperous life of the people of that favored spot. The weather in early February was characterized by cool mornings and hot afternoons.

On Sunday, February 10, the family was up early to catch the train for San Fernando. At 9.30 a.m. we took a steamer for

~~1924~~ 1924

On February 4 the papers of Hanson & Co. arrived at the office of President Wilson's death and I received a formal letter of condolence from Dr. Wilson.

The next day my wife and I went to see on Avenida Florida the lady whom we had known as Miss Carter on the afternoon of the day when we had last seen her. She was now Mrs. Wilson and her husband, Mr. Wilson, were greatly concerned about her. She and I had made inquiries without success. She had been together and the following Sunday she brought her husband out to meet us. He was a typical robust, hearty, self-confident man, Italian gentleman, and I was greatly amused to see how his big, robust, self-assertive wife, who was a business woman in New York, was now apparently playing second fiddle, and seemed to enjoy the role. Another instance of a man's fate. He spent a very enjoyable evening together. Always I shall remember this big hearty Italian woman and her unique but expressive phrase just before she joined her strange husband in a strange land, "What a one big God damn fool I am."

Our visitors had to leave early because of a threatening storm following oppressive heat. The wind rose, whistled, and shook the house and there was a sudden drop in temperature. The next morning the thermometer registered 64 degrees. At the American Club I listened to an interesting address by Dr. Pyrenon, Argentine Minister to the United States. Also I met a Mr. Wolf from Frederick County, Maryland, with whom it was a pleasure to talk about the prospects of the people of that favored spot. The weather in early February was characterized by cool mornings and hot afternoons.

On Sunday, February 10, the family was up early to catch the train for San Fernando. At 9.30 a.m. we took a steamer for

(1924)

~~E-1354-1969~~ 1269

the Isle of Palms. The boat was badly crowded, apparently with laborers and their families. We could not move about freely, but the trip was interesting. Here were fathers and mothers with numerous progeny out for a holiday. Meals were served on the main deck, super^{abundant} in quantity and typic^{ally} Argentine and Italian in quality. To this day I cannot quite understand how human beings can consume such enormous quantities of spaghetti and macaroni, and follow it with a full meal of baked fish, boiled chicken, roast beef or steak, and vegetables, washed down with a liberal quantity of wine, that would send a North American to the morgue. There was much good humor and hilarity. ^P The Isle of Palms, our destination, an island in the delta of the Parana River, was muddy, so we remained on board the steamer. On the boat there was music and dancing which the young people enjoyed but rather tiresome to others. The branch of the river followed by the steamer was one of many and not much more than a canal. The adjacent land was subject to overflow and much of it was planted to poplar trees in solid blocks, the trees being set a few feet apart, growing tall and straight, and when ten inches or more in diameter being cut for box lumber and fuel. On reaching San Fernando I hired a taxi to take us back to Belgrano. We took Manuela, the servant, with us and she seemed to enjoy the day greatly, especially the feast of Argentine food.

On the 11th the weather turned excessively hot. Dr. Urien ^oreⁿported gratifying returns from the crop questionnaires. For many months I had searched diligently for definite and detailed information on the topography, geology, and botany and history of Argentina without success. Entering a secondhand book store I found some volumes of a census taken in 1895 which contained monographs by scientific and competent specialists on these sub-

(1924)

~~E-1356.~~ 1265-

of the U.S. Department of Agriculture is simply a verification ^{probably} of what was known to Italian farmers 2,000 years ago, and [^]to their ancestors for ages before. If any one has the temerity to doubt this, I simply ask him to read ^{e i}Virgⁱl's Georgics with an unprejudiced mind, which is almost ^oim[^]possible for any graduate of an Agricultural college in the United States, because it is humiliating to his pride, and what would become of the liberal appropriations for agricultural research--which mostly means the finding out by a student or desk man what ^{good}~~food~~ [^]farmers actually do, which they do partly from instinct, partly from tradition, and partly as a natural human reaction to observed natural conditions and experience--most of which is lacking in college curricul^aums. What can be conceived as more pathetic then the sending out by the Department of Agriculture of a young Phd. plant pathologist to advise cotton farmers how to overcome some of their difficulties who had never seen a cotton plant, and on arrival at a wayside station was met by a long, lanky cotton grower and taken out among the cotton fields and when he asked what is that, received the reply, "Well, now it mought be cockle burs an' it mought be cotton. I'm a gamblin' as how it's cotton." That cotton grower and the members of his family realized a return of about ten cents a day for their year's work. The young Phd. received \$2,400 a year for having had the privilege of studying certain books and writing an essay. The chances are ten to one that he never read ^{e i}Virgⁱl's Georgics.

On the 16th the Minister sent for me and asked me to check up^o on the newly organized office of livestock marketing and control of which Dr. Richelieu was the head.

On the 17th I took the family to the municipal bathing beach. Here we found several restaurants, a broad avenue,

(1924)

~~E-1357~~ 1266

a park with seats and a band stand, ornamental gardens, bathing facilities, and a beach on the river front, and some artistic statuary. Really, there was nothing quite like it in the United States.

On the 18th the Minister asked me to accompany Dr. Richelieu to Montevideo to study the Uruguayan methods of handling livestock. I at once called on Dr. Tichelieu and his assistant, Sr. Roger, announced the request of the Minister, told them frankly that I knew nothing about their specialty, and asked for information about their set-up, their system of records, ~~and~~ their program, and the objects they hoped to attain, which they freely gave me. Then I interviewed Dr. Suarez, head of the Bureau of Animal Husbandry and a noted economist on the subject of livestock in Argentina.

On the 18th I had my U.S. passport ~~extended~~ extended and vised by the Argentine officials, and purchased some ^uUruguayan money.

On the 19th I left the house at 8.30 p.m. to catch the steamer leaving at 10 o'clock for Montevideo. On this trip I took Otis along with me as a part of his education. The boat was commodious and brilliantly lighted.

The next morning we awoke as the steamer was entering the harbor of Montevideo. Weather was clear and cool. After passing the customhouse inspectors we established ourselves in a hotel. In company with Dr. Richelieu we visited the office of the President, the Ministry of Industries, the Director General of Statistics, and after luncheon we rode in an automobile over a fine road to a beautiful suburb on the beach where we spent the late afternoon hours very agreeably. Supper came at 9 p.m.

The following day, February 21, the morning was cold

enough to be chilly and the afternoon hot enough to be uncomfortable. At 7 a.m. we drove in a hired automobile seven or eight miles to the municipal stockyards where we saw the system of weighing live animals on the hoof, which was to be adopted in Argentina. Here we saw the Uruguayan cowboys, mounted on Spanish ponies, the exact duplicates of Texas ponies, the men wearing expensive broadbrimmed hats, ponchos of fine texture (a shawl or blanket with a hole in the middle through which the wearer thrusts his head), and enormous spurs. Shortly after noon we returned by way of the docks to the office of the State Statistician, who explained his system of records. *P* After luncheon and a long siesta I took Otis for a walk along the beach where we watched the green waves roll in from the Atlantic, curl, break, and fall with resounding thunder, and come hissing up a sandy slope. We walked back to the hotel and passed through the "barrio de mujeres," (women's quarters), Several city blocks of one story houses with curtained windows and closed doors behind which stood half naked women, who clapped their hands or pounded on the doors from the inside to attract the attention of passing men. None of the women were visible. Although I had never seen such a quarter, or rather one like this, I suspected what it was and what the clapping and pounding meant. Otis was keenly interested and much mystified. That evening we went aboard the boat that was to take us back to Buenos Ayres.

The next morning early we entered the harbor, passed the customs officers, and reached home in time for breakfast. In response to questions Otis ~~related~~ described some of the things he had seen on the trip, but thereafter in all the years that followed he never mentioned it, although one would think that a boy eleven years old would be interested and impressed by the

(1924)

E-1359. 1268

sight of Uruguayan cowboys and their ponies and picturesque costumes.

At the office the Minister asked me to outline a market news service for cereals and livestock. At the American Club I heard an interesting lecture by Mr. Roy Martin, President of the Associated Press.

On the 23d I had a long interview with Dr. Richelieu and Mr. Roger regarding the market news service for livestock and provision for obtaining and recording the necessary statistical data. Among my visitors was a representative of the Armour Packing Company, Mr. Broeger, corn specialist of the Argentine Department of Agriculture, Dr. ^{Ra.} Emerson of Cornell University, Dr. ^{D. B.} ~~Richie~~ ^{H. B.} corn specialist of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and Mr. ^A Westover, alfalfa specialist, and others. This group of Americans filled my little office to overflowing and to relieve the congestion I took them all with me to the American Club for luncheon. We had a table to ourselves and I greatly enjoyed talking with American friends and comparing notes with them. Upon my return to the office I dictated notes on our Montevideo visit.

Toward the close of February the weather became cold enough for heavy clothing. To the Minister I submitted reports on the Montevideo visit, discrepancies noted in the livestock census of 1922, an outline of a market news service for cereals and livestock, on the functions of grain exchanges, and on duplication of statistical work in the government service.

The first week in March the weather turned hot again. The annual carnival was held this week, but was something of a disappointment. It consisted mainly of walking or driving about and throwing serpentinas.

(1924)

~~E-1360~~: 1269

On the 6th I called at the headquarters of the Public Land Office, which was a part of the Argentine Department of Agriculture, occupying quarters in another part of the city. I experienced some difficulty in getting an interview with the head of the office which so provoked me that I wrote a letter to the Minister about it and suggested that apparently the office was badly in need of reorganization. From the office I learned that slow progress, if any, was being made in surveying the public lands; that only a relatively small area had been surveyed; ~~and~~ that until the land was officially surveyed and recorded settlers could not obtain legal titles; and that surveys were not undertaken in a given locality until the demand became sufficiently strong, from which I understood ^{was} ~~was~~ meant political or wealthy influence, so that the land was really not available for settlement by poor farmers. This seemed to be a rather anomalous state of affairs when the national and provincial governments were taking strenuous ~~measures~~ measures to encourage immigration and colonization.

On March 7 the Minister sent for me and said that because of political controversies in the Province of San Juan and the flood of telegrams coming from different sources addressed to the President and demanding intervention by the national government, especially from the grapegrowers and winemakers who were demanding that an economic survey of their industry be made by the national government to prove ^{that} ~~the~~ the industry could not pay the exorbitant and unnecessary taxes levied upon them by the newly elected socialist governor, the President had asked that the man from the North American Department of Agriculture be sent to San Juan to make such a survey. The Minister therefore

1922: 1922

On the 6th I called at the headquarters of the Public Land Office, which was a part of the Argentine Department of Agriculture. I occupied quarters in another part of the city. I experienced some difficulty in getting an interview with the head of the office which he provoked me that I wrote a letter to the Minister about it and suggested that apparently the office was badly in need of reorganization. From the office I learned that slow progress, if any, was being made in surveying the public lands; that only a relatively small area had been surveyed; and that until the land was officially surveyed and recorded settlers would not obtain legal titles and land surveys were not undertaken in a given locality until the survey had been completed. I was strongly of the opinion that the land was really not available for wealthy influence, so that the land was really not available for settlement by poor farmers. This seemed to be a rather unusual state of affairs when the national and provincial governments were taking strenuous measures to encourage immigration and colonization.

On March 7 the Minister sent for me and said that because of political considerations in the Province of San Juan and the flood of telegrams coming from different sources addressed to the President and demanding intervention by the national government, especially from the engineers and winemakers who were demanding that an economic survey of their industry be made by the national government to prove that the industry could not pay the exorbitant and unnecessary taxes levied upon them by the newly elected socialist governor, the President had asked that the man from the North American Department of Agriculture be sent to San Juan to make such a survey. The Minister therefore

(1924)

~~E1361.~~ 1270

asked me to undertake such a survey without delay and to take with me Dr. Borea of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics, because he had specialized on cost of production. I did not especially relish the assignment, but, of course, acquiesced. On the train the next morning I met Sr. Vallejo who asked me to accompany him to the apartment of the Minister in the Plaza Hotel. We found the Minister in bed, but he got up in his dressing gown and took from a desk a penciled memorandum he had written for my instruction. Upon inquiry I learned that Dr. Borea was in Uruguay and that the Minister had instructed him to join me in Mendoza or San Juan.

The next morning, March 9, with my secretary, Sr. Wasner, I left on the Pacific Railway and rode all day through the Province of Buenos Ayres to Rufino and beyond into southern Cordoba. Maize was ripening fast, and I saw some small patches of broom corn.

Soon after we arose the next morning we arrived at Mendoza. We were covered with dust that had sifted into the compartment during the night. The city of Mendoza is capital of the province of the same name and the center of the largest grape and wine industry in the republic. As we approached the city we came through a portion of the vineyard district, which was very attractive with its clean cultivation and neat rows of vines on low trellises loaded with ripening fruit. Because of former prosperity from its grape and wine industry the city was well built and attractive.

After getting settled in a hotel we went first to the office of the Defensa Agricola, which was in charge of a very intelligent young man named Howe, son of an American father and an Argentine mother, who could not speak a word of English.

(1924)

~~1362~~ 1271

He promised to supply me with the statistics of area and production of crops, including grapes and wine, of the province for a series of years. *P* From him I learned that all was not well with the grape and wine industry in Mendoza. He explained that in the first decade in the century the growers and wine makers had profited, which led to overplanting, overproduction, and unsatisfactory prices in the second decade. The situation became so bad in 1915 that provincial laws were passed to regulate the industry, setting up a special board to be supported by a special tax on grapes and wine produced, making the taking out of provincial insurance obligatory, prohibiting the planting of any more grapes, and regulating each year the percentage of the crop that might be made into wine. *P* These measures might have benefitted the industry in Mendoza had it been free from outside competition and ^{had} the fiscal affairs of the new department been administered honestly and wisely. The plan was now acknowledged to be a complete failure, mainly because the neighboring Province of San Juan had greatly increased its area and production of grapes and wine, and it was generally believed that the fees collected from the growers and winemakers had been absorbed by the officials and their friends. At any rate enormous sums had disappeared for which the officials could not account. It was also said that the governor and some of his relatives who entered office as poor men had in some mysterious manner acquired great wealth. *P* Every grower was required by law to take out provincial insurance against damage by frost, hail, drouth, wind, and other contingencies, and yet of the many thousands of claims that had been presented none had been paid. The claims were filed and the only answer the claimant got was "Si, Señor, pero huy demasiado de trabajo; no podemos considerar este

asunto por muchas meses; paciencia." (Yes, Sir, but there is too much work on hand; we cannot consider this matter for many months; patience.) The Comisario said that dissatisfaction was growing steadily against the system and the administration and might break out at any time.

As an illustration of the corruption in provincial administration he said that the building occupied by his office was rented by the national government from the governor of the province who obtained title to it through fraud. Some years previously the owner of the lot borrowed money with which to erect the building on it. As it neared completion an emissary of the former governor called on him and said that the provincial government wished to rent the building for office purposes. The owner was pleased at the prospect of a permanent tenant and set the rental at 150 pesos per month. The emissary returned in a few days with a lease duly signed by the governor, specifying a rental of 300 pesos per month, explaining that the owner would collect 150 pesos, and the governor would retain 150 pesos. The owner signed the lease and in due time received 150 pesos for the first month's rental. That was all he received. Months and years went by and all his efforts to collect the rent due him were unavailing. At last came a change in administration, a new governor was elected, and he obtained access to him and explained his plight. The new governor was sympathetic and promised prompt justice, asking him to call in a few days so that he might have an opportunity to look into the matter. He called. The governor consulted some papers and said he noted that the arrears of rental were equal to the assessed value of the property; that it was a just debt against the government; and that he would issue a warrant for the payment of the debt,

but only on condition that he deed the property to him. The poor owner had no choice, because he realized that this was his only hope of avoiding ~~tax~~ further loss, so he deeded the property to the governor and collected his back rents. Thereafter the new governor continued to pocket the 300 pesos per month the provincial government paid for the rental of the property. That, the comisario assured me, was a fair sample of the emoluments of political office in the provinces and accounted for the fierce struggles between politicians to gain control.

Next I visited the fruit exposition that was being held under the auspices of the Pacific Railway Company under the direct charge of Señor Estrada, whom I had met. It was a very attractive and creditable exposition and there were numerous visitors. Señor Estrada accompanied me to the offices of the Railway Company and introduced me to some of the higher officials. They were all English and were very helpful in supplying statistics of shipments over their line of grapes and wine, fresh and dried fruits, and other products.

I next called on several officials of the provincial government, and from the department in charge of the grape and wine industry obtained the published statistics and reports relating to the industry. These officials all agreed that the situation of the industry was very unsatisfactory, but laid all the blame on the neighboring Province of San Juan.

In the afternoon I visited the park with the amazing statue of the national hero, General San Martin, on a high knob, one of the foothills of the Andes, overlooking the city. From it one had a fine view of the city, many square miles of vineyards surrounding the city, and out over the hazy desert beyond. To the west one looked up the rugged slopes of the Andes whose summits

were lost in the clouds above.

The next day, March 11, was clear, cool, and pleasant. During the forenoon I visited a number of government offices to obtain statistics of quantity and cost of production of grapes and wine for a series of years and information concerning the administration of the special legislation enacted to restrict production and regulate the marketing of grape and wine products.

In the afternoon I visited the great bodega^a (~~wine making establishment~~—(I know of no single word in English that corresponds with Bodega^a, establishment for making wine, such as Brewery for making beer, etc.) of Trapich) Here I saw the whole process of making wine ~~from grapes~~ from the time the ripe fruit ~~grapes~~ ^{were} ~~was~~ dumped from carts into pits outside, macerated, and the juice flowing through pipes to vats inside, to the finished product in bottles and other containers, some of which I sampled in the administrative offices. A considerable area was under roof, and underground there appeared to be several acres of concrete cellars with long rows of gigantic oaken tanks, each as large as a small house, all connected with plumbing so that the wine in its various stages could be shifted from one to another. It seemed to me that there was enough wine stored in that enormous cellar to supply the world. ^P The bodega was surrounded by thousands of acres of wine grapes which were then being harvested. One branch of this establishment was devoted to shipping table grapes to the United States in cold storage. The enormous clusters of luscious grapes were carefully picked by hand, laid as carefully in baskets, which were carried by hand to tables in the open air, where girls inspected each bunch and removed every berry showing the slightest blemish. Thence the grapes were carried into a large concrete warehouse under refrigeration. Each bunch was

(1924)

~~E-1566.~~ 1275

individually tied with its stem end in a small glass vase and the vases hung in racks where they remained at a fixed low temperature until packed for shipment. It was a beautiful sight in the warehouse, brilliantly lighted by electricity, to see these perfect bunches of perfect grapes hanging in long rows in their little glass vases, each berry covered with a bloom of moisture. There were four colors, purplish black, pinkish red, translucent green, and amber. Each bunch looked like a cluster of jewels. In talking with one of the officials I learned that the principal irrigation ditch that supplies water to the vineyards was constructed by the Inca engineers centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards.

The following morning I met Dr. Borea at the railway station as he descended from the morning train from the east, and after a cup of coffee together we boarded a train leaving at 8 a.m. for San Juan, where we arrived at noon.

The route lay across the foothills of the Andes, ~~xxxxxxx~~ semi-desert region except where irrigation was available on the outskirts of the cities of Mendoza and San Juan. The soil was generally stony, whitish gray in color, and covered with a small cactus the size of an orange with white spines as long and sharp as a darning needle, although occasionally there were patches of low growing shrubs, mostly protected by thorns.

At San Juan we drove from the railway station on the outskirts through narrow streets of a typical Spanish town to the Provincial Hotel, an ornate building on a street corner a few squares from the capital building. Two large rooms were assigned to us with access to an adjoining bathroom. These rooms were at least 24 feet square and 20 feet or more to the ceiling, with windows at least 12 feet in height. The outer room was to

individually tied with the stem and in a small glass vases and the
vases hung in racks where they remained at a fixed low tempera-
ture until packed for shipment. It was a beautiful sight in the

warehouse, brilliantly lighted by electricity, to see these
perfect bunches of perfect grapes hanging in long rows in their
little glass vases, each berry covered with a bloom of moisture.

There were four colors, purplish black, pinkish red, transpa-
rent green, and amber. Each bunch looked like a cluster of jew-

els. In talking with one of the officials I learned that the
principal irrigation ditch that supplies water to the vineyards
was constructed by the local engineers centuries before the anti-

val of the Spaniards.

The following morning I met Dr. Horta at the railway station
as he descended from the morning train from the east, and after
a cup of coffee together we boarded a train leaving at 8 a.m.

for San Juan, where we arrived at noon.

The route lay across the foothills of the Andes and across
a semidesert region except where irrigation was available

on the outskirts of the cities of Mendoza and San Juan. The
soil was generally stony, whitish gray in color, and covered with
a small caating the size of an orange with white spines as long
and sharp as a darning needle, although occasionally there were
patches of low growing shrubs, mostly protected by thorns.

At San Juan we drove from the railway station on the out-
skirts through narrow streets of a typical Spanish town to
the Provincial Hotel, an ornate building on a street corner a
few squares from the capital building. Two large rooms were
assigned to us with access to an adjoining bathroom. These rooms
were at least 14 feet square and 20 feet or more to the ceiling,
with windows at least 12 feet in height. The outer room was so

be used as a reception parlor and office. Three beds were set up in the adjoining room for the accommodation of Dr. Borea, Mr. Wasner, and myself. A door from the sleeping room opened into the bathroom. That bathroom was a wonder. It was more than 20 feet in all its dimensions. In it was a small toilet, washstand, and porcelain-lined bathtub, which were dwarfed in appearance by the size of the room. The floor was of tile. The bathroom could not be regarded as private, although the proprietor insisted that it was, because it was the only bathroom in the hotel and others had access to it from the corridor. However, these palatial rooms were the best in the establishment and were usually assigned to visiting officials of the national government.

After luncheon we were driven in a dilapidated carriage through narrow streets to the agricultural school on the outskirts, in charge of Prof. Storm, an intelligent Argentinian of German descent, ~~who spoke good English~~. He introduced me to his wife and principal assistants. He was a personal friend of Dr. Borea and therefore talked freely.

He said that after the Province of Mendoza restricted its grape and wine production the ~~grape and wine~~ producers of San Juan had increased the area in grapes and the production of wine greatly; that they were a greedy selfish lot and had kept their profits to themselves; that the present governor, brother of the governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres, was the leading physician of San Juan and very active in advocating public improvements, such as better hospital facilities, better schools, better roads, a better water system, better fire protection, and the like, all of which were badly needed but cost money and was therefore opposed by the money-makers of the Province, the grape growers and wine makers. At the last election the socialists

(1924)

~~E-1568.~~ 1277

nominated the doctor as their candidate on a program of public improvements. He accepted, and after a bitter campaign he was triumphantly elected and installed as governor. *P*The new governor regarded this election as a public endorsement of his program and an authorization to proceed to put it into effect. To do that required public funds. The treasury not only was exhausted by his predecessor but was badly in debt. He brought his program of public improvements to the attention of the provincial legislature with the recommendation that they enact the necessary laws. The legislative body was composed largely of grape growers and wine makers who indulged in eloquent debates, but nothing was done. After waiting a reasonable time the governor became impatient and believing that the mass of people would back him up he determined to take matters into his own hands, as is customary in Latin American countries when bold men wish to accomplish anything. Revenue must be had to carry out in good faith the program on which he was elected.

With a copy of the tax schedules the governor shut himself up in his office with his secretary for three days, refusing to see anybody, during which time he revised the schedules in accordance with his own ideas. To every object and subject on the list he added a liberal percentage and then added every other object and subject he could think of, except air. The tax on wine was increased 100 per cent, and for grapes a heavy license fee was to be collected in advance for a permit to harvest them, the tax being based on the number of kilos harvested. The revised list was typewritten in the form of a provincial law on Saturday night. Sunday morning at 7 a.m. the provincial police (the governor's standing army) were sent out to bring in a quorum of the Senate. Half asleep and sputtering with

angry protests the noble senators who had been dragged out of their beds at that early hour were told to sign on the dotted line. They did. In their presence the governor affixed his signature and the gubernatorial seal made the act a law to take effect the following morning, Monday. No wonder the citizens gasped with astonishment when the next morning the local newspapers came out with extras containing a copy of the new law that had been enacted the previous day without discussion.

Then the opposition party, the politicians, the business men, the grape growers, and the wine makers, began to roar. They ^yswarmed individually, collectively, and by delegations, about the government house. They were informed that the governor was not in. Where was he? Nobody knew. At last it became known that he had gone to Buenos Ayres to lay his case before the national authorities and was in consultation with the President. Then it was that a flood of telegrams began to inundate the President, demanding national intervention and an economic survey to show that the new taxes were not only unjust ^{and} oppressive, but absolutely prohibitive *and confiscatory.*

At first glance it seemed to me that the governor had made a mistake in the harvest-permit tax on grape growers, because on the basis of average production it would amount to about \$150 per acre, which seemed excessive. A grower with ten acres would have to pay, or borrow enough to pay, \$1,500 for a permit to harvest his ripening crop of grapes. The growers and wine makers promptly announced that they would let the grapes rot in the field before they would pay such a preposterous tax. Naturally feeling was mounting high and a revolution was momentarily expected.

Following this elucidation of the situation we returned to

(1924)

~~E-1370~~ 1279

our headquarters. We had scarcely arrived when we heard a series of bombs in the next block and saw people hurrying along the street. We sallied forth and followed the crowd. We found ~~a crowd~~ ^{filling up} ~~the street~~ in front of a newspaper office before which was a bulletin board on which was a copy of a dispatch from Buenos Ayres. These bombing announcements of newspaper bulletins occurred several times every day and night during our stay in San Juan.

After supper Mr. Wasner brought to me a copy of the local paper with a humorous editorial on the question of "Where is the Seer?" (veedor). After stating that a dispatch from Buenos Ayres several days previously had announced the appointment by the President and immediate departure of an eminent North American economist named "Leon M. Walchuski" (which Mr. Wasner said was the translation of my name as received by telegraph) "to look at" or "see" (make a survey) the situation in San Juan, ^{but} the "aforesaid seer" had not been heard from. He had completely disappeared from the face of the earth. Where was he? Was he in San John "seeing things" without letting any one know of his presence; and so on." I greatly enjoyed reading this article.

The next morning Prof. Storm and Sr. Rivera, the regional agronomist of the Department of Agriculture, were early callers. Sr. Rivera confirmed all that Prof. Storm had said. Accompanied by them I called at the office of the governor and in his absence met the vice-governor, who was extremely polite and deferential, and assured me that every facility of the government would be placed at my disposal. He was as good as his word, because that afternoon a copy of a signed decree came by special messenger directing all government officials to give El Señor Estabrook all the information he might request. Also a chauffer and a

(1924)

~~E-1371-~~ 1280

high powered automobile were placed at my disposal so long as I might remain in San Juan. Next we called on the statistical bureau where I left a long list of questions I had prepared calling for all the statistical data available relating to grape growing and the wine industry in the Province, including price of land, cost of production, wages, cost of living, revenue derived from taxation of wine and other articles,. Also I took advantage of the occasion to question the director and his assistants as to the sources of their information, their system of records and publication, and especially their opinion as to the relative completeness and accuracy of their data. Suffice it to say that they all showed a disposition to cooperate to the fullest extent and gave me the best they had, which I knew involved a lot of extra work on their part, night and day, during my stay.

The news that the "Veedor" was at the Provincial Hotel spread like wildfire. It may have been the occasion of a "bomb" announcement. At any rate, when we returned for luncheon we found individuals and delegations awaiting our arrival. The entire afternoon was spent in listening to their excited and indignant tale of woe. I listened sympathetically to all of them, but in each case asked for a specific written statement with statistics of areas, quantities of production, costs, and prices. I noted that these requests for specific written data had a very quieting effect and knew in advance that although they were profuse in promises only a few of them would actually supply me with specific data. All of them cordially invited me to visit their establishments. ~~It was a rich irrigated district of vineyards and alfalfa. The growers and winemakers had been on a strike for two weeks. Under the hot sun in a cloudless sky a magnificent crop of grapes was rapidly becoming overripe.~~

(1924)

E-1372.1281

On the 14th, in company with Prof. Storm and Sr. ~~Rexix~~ Rivera, we visited by automobile most of the grape growing districts. It was a rich^h irrigated district of vineyards and alfalfa. The growers and winemakers had been on a strike for two weeks. Under the heat of a blazing sun in a cloudless sky a magnificent crop of grapes was rapidly becoming overripe. Past a certain stage the grapes began to lose their water content and to concentrate sugar. This represented a loss to the growers but ~~and~~ ^{again to} was ~~viewed complacently~~ by the winemakers, but both agreed that the time had come when the crop should be harvested.

We inspected a number of bodegas (wine making establishments), some large and some small, but all patterned after the enormous establishment of Trapiche in Mendoza. At each establishment, of course, we were requested to sample some of their choicest products. This we did with pleasure, but also with caution, lest "El Veedor" begin^{really} to see things.

At noon there was a bomb announcement to the effect that there was to be a general sympathetic strike by all business establishments in San Juan. Thereafter for several days all business establishments remained closed, which in Argentine meant locked doors and windows covered with metal shutters, so that it was impossible to buy so much as a box of matches. Only the newspaper offices continued to do business as usual.

We had arranged for a meeting of bodegueras in my office at the hotel at 5 p.m. Perhaps fifteen or twenty came and expressed surprise at the absence of others. To those present I explained the necessity of having authentic, complete, and accurate data concerning their industry and appealed to them for cooperation in supplying it, which they readily promised. With this amicable understanding and many polite good wishes the

(1924)

~~E-1373~~, 1282

the meeting adjourned and I said "adios" to each of them as they passed out of the door.

Mr. Wasner stepped out on the street, but returned shortly with a serious countenance and the statement that all the bodegueras in town, including those who had met in my office, had been arrested and thrown into the "carcel" or common jail. When we emerged from the dining room that evening I was informed that a delegation of females was waiting to see me. I took up my stand behind a table in the reception room and with Dr. Borea at my side and my secretary acting as usher I received the ladies one by one. They proved to be the distressed wives of the imprisoned bodegueras. All of them were attractive, dignified, and cultured ladies, who said their husbands had been arrested summarily and unexpectedly wherever found and thrown into the common jail, which they said was a horrible place used for the confinement of low criminals, filthy beyond description, and infested with vermin. None of them, nor any other members of their families, had been permitted to see their husbands, who were held "incommunicado." Some of these ladies were on the verge of hysterics, and others had a look in their eyes that boded ill for El Señor Gobernador. In a copy of a newspaper that was sent in I saw a list of the names of more than sixty bodegueras that had been arrested on the charge of "conspiracy" and a statement that they included the wealth and gentility of San Juan. I tried to reassure the ladies as best I could by saying that unless the governor was insane their husbands would be released shortly and that no harm would come to them, but I wanted them to understand that it was a matter entirely outside of my jurisdiction, and I suggested that they employ a lawyer sympathetic with their cause to draw up a protest and appeal to

(1924)

~~E-1374~~ 1283

the national government at Buenos Ayres, which alone had legal authority to interfere and to guarantee the constitutional rights of their husbands to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The next morning, March 15, after breakfast we walked out on the street just in time to see the distinguished prisoners issue from the carcel where they had been confined over night. Their clothing was in disorder, their hair tousled, many of them looked greatly fatigued, and all of them were clearly angry and wore a determined look. I remarked to my companions that it looked to me as if these men were in the mood to start a revolution; that any similar group of men in the United States who had been subjected to such treatment would not only start legal proceedings but would make a bee line for their guns. Prof. Storm and Sr. Rivera joined us while I was speaking, both said I was right, and that a revolution would be under way before the day was over. Both said they proposed to return to their offices and remain there, and both counseled me to catch the morning train for Mendoza. Dr. Borea and Mr. Wasner heartily seconded the motion.. I laughed at them and said, "Why, a Veedor never turns his back; he sees with his eyes and his eyes are in front. Besides, do you suppose I could think of running away from the only opportunity I shall ever have to see a revolution. No, Señores, a Norte Americano never runs away from anything. I shall stay right here until that economic survey is completed to my satisfaction; but I give Dr. Borea and Mr. Wasner permission to leave if they are really afraid." Both said they were under orders to remain with me and that if they deserted me at a time like this they would both lose their jobs. I thanked them for their loyal support and courage.

(1924)

~~E-1375~~ 1284

We visited several public offices to check up on the progress made in compiling the data I had requested. At five o'clock all the bodegueras in town were again arrested and thrown into jail. That night it rained for the first time in six months.

The next day, March 16, we visited the agricultural school and had almuerzo (breakfast) at 11 a.m. with Prof. Storm and his family. Afterwards we inspected the grounds, buildings, and equipment.

In the afternoon there were a number of interviews with callers, including the director of the agricultural experiment station. . Again, as on the previous day, the bodegueras were released from captivity in the forenoon. That afternoon we visited the residence of one of the principal bodegueras of the district. He was reputed to be a millionaire and lived in a palace with a highly ornate interior court in the center of which was a fountain with bronze nymphs. We found him in consultation with about twenty other bodegueras, some of whom I had already met. We were received with great courtesy and deference. Our presence was announced by our host and I was called upon to say something. I responded with a brief businesslike statement of our mission and expressed my earnest desire to ascertain the essential facts correctly and report them to the Minister of Agriculture and the President in whom I had the utmost faith and confidence that they would see that substantial justice was done, and therefore I appealed to them to supply me with definite, accurate data, in order that I might complete satisfactorily to all concerned the disinterested and unbiased economic survey of their important industry which they themselves had petitioned the government to make. Then I submitted copies of a questionnaire I had dictated to Mr. Wasner, indicating exactly the kind of in-

(1924)

1285-
~~E-1576. 1285~~

formation I desired. They promptly and unanimously agreed to supply it.

On the 17th in the forenoon we visited the railway offices and arranged for the compilation of data regarding the volume of shipments of wine and other products for a series of years and the freight charged. Then we made the round of public offices, collecting the material that had been tabulated and indicating supplemental material to be compiled and sent to me at Buenos Ayres.

In the afternoon we left for Mendoza where we arrived at 7 p.m. We were met at the station by a large delegation which in some manner had received notice of our coming. At the hotel we were kept up until after midnight listening to the statements of Mendoza grape growers and wine makers.

The next forenoon we visited the agricultural museum and school, both of which were interesting. At the school we saw a miniature wine making laboratory and witnessed the process of making wine. On the grounds we saw all the different varieties of wine grapes, as well as of citrus fruits. We made a hurried visit to the ruins of an old cathedral that had been demolished by the great earthquake many years ago when the town of Mendoza was completely destroyed and thousands of lives lost, after which the city was ^bre~~re~~uilt in its present situation. These ruins were impressive. There were enormous columns and arches constructed of small flat brick after the pattern of those common in Italy and Spain.

At 2 P.M. we ^elⁱft for Buenos Ayres. We soon passed out of the irrigated vineyard district and into a semiarid region of sand and dust, low growing desert bushes, ^{and} cacti.

(1924)

~~E-1377~~ 1286

For thirty or forty miles east of Mendoza the desert slope of the Andes continues into a shallow trough and for another fifty miles or more there is an upward slope to the great Pampa region that slopes so gradually toward the Atlantic that it seems absolutely level to the eye. We had been traveling about five hours, say 150 to 200 miles, when the sun set. The Andes mountains were no longer visible. Looking westward all one could see was a pinkish haze. I was riding backward in the compartment and facing west and watching the red sun sink lower and lower in the sky. Suddenly I observed a peculiar phenomenon. While the sun was still high above the horizon I observed a black triangular notch appear on the lower edge of the sun, and this grew in size as the seconds and minutes passed. I then realized that the sun was sinking behind a peak of the Andes Mountains, which were not visible because of the distance and haze. I strongly suspect that the sharp pyramidal peak behind which the sun was gradually ~~sinking~~ being eclipsed was Tupungato, which rises more than 20,000 ^{feet} behind Mendoza. At any rate the sun sank behind a peak and was totally eclipsed while it was high above the general level of the horizon. While ¹/₂ this was taking place a coal black triangular pyramid was outlined sharply against the glowing red disc of the sun and great streamers of varied colored light radiated across the sky from the black pyramid as a center. Evidently the setting sun had brought out into sharp relief the peak of a great mountain approximately 200 miles distant which before the sun sank behind it was invisible because of the distance and the desert haze.

On the morning of the 19th we woke up covered with desert dust that had sifted into our compartment. The air was chilly and the landscape obscured by ~~g~~ fog until about 11 a.m. We reach-

(1924)

~~E--1378~~ 1287

ed Buenos Ayres² at 3 p.m. and found the city very quiet because it was some sort of a fiesta day and all business establishments were closed. After a bath and a change of clothing at the house I felt better. The family was well and interested in the picture postcards I brought from Mendoza.

The following day I prepared a brief preliminary report for the Minister, recommending that in order to avoid further loss of overripe grapes in the field a truce should be declared, the taxes be temporarily suspended, the growers be permitted to harvest the grapes^e and the wine makers to utilize them, until my complete report should have been submitted and the controversy settled amicably. The Minister expressed himself as greatly pleased and my recommendation was adopted.

On the 20th Dr. Wurtis F. Marbut of the U.S. Bureau of Soils, called at my office and we had luncheon together at the American Club. He had left Washington the previous August as a member of the^a scientific expedition up the Amazon River and was then on his way to Chile. Another interesting caller was Senor Uriburu, who owned large vineyards and a bodega in San Juan that had been in his family for several generations and of which accurate records had been kept showing the number of vines of each variety, quantity of grapes and wine produced from them, planting dates, beginning and end of harvest, and cost of production. He had a wholesale wineshop in Buenos Ayresⁱ and invited me to call at his office to inspect his records. I did so and expressed my admiration for their neatness and completeness, and asked permission to take them to my office and copy out the annual summaries as having a direct bearing on the survey I was making. Naturally he hesitated until I assured him that I appreciated that these were private family records and to him were priceless,

(1924)

E-1379. 1288

especially the portions in the handwriting of his father and grandfather, but that they were also priceless as affording authentic information necessary to a satisfactory solution of certain economic and political problems affecting the principal industry of his native province; that I would not allow them to pass out of my personal possession for a moment, but would dictate the portion I needed to a stenographer; that I would keep the books under lock and key when I left the office, and that I would regard it as a sacred obligation to extract the desired information with the least possible delay and personally return the records to him; that I would use statistics only without mentions of name, and would submit to him that portion of the report containing the portion copied before any one else saw it; and that in the event he did not wish to have his record quoted I wanted the data as a check upon other data, a sort of standard by which to judge the accuracy and dependability of other data. He promptly handed the book, richly bound in morocco, to me, saying, "Señor, I trust you; keep the book as long as you need it." I was able to return the book within a few days, giving him a copy of the statistical annual summaries I had made to be incorporated in my report of the San Juan Industry, which met with his entire approval. For many days I was busy arranging material I had collected in San Juan and Mendoza, including more than a hundred snap shot photographs I had taken.

On the 24th I had a call from Mr. H. L. Westover, agronomist of the U.S. Bureau of Plant Industry, who had visited ^{a portion of Patagonia and} the irrigated alfalfa regions along the Rio Negro where the growing of alfalfa seed was a growing export industry. This was his first visit to South America, he could speak no Spanish, he was unfamiliar with the food and customs of the people, he was travelling by

(1924)

~~E-1380~~. 1289

himself, and he plainly showed his relief and pleasure in talking to a fellow American from his own department in Washington. I took him out to supper at the house that evening and my wife was greatly pleased to see the evident satisfaction with which he ate familiar home cooking, the first he had had for many months, and that included hot biscuits, vegetables prepared in the American way, fried chicken and potatoes with gravy, and homemade pies and cake. Only an American who has traveled for some months in a Latin American country can fully understand ^{and} appreciate the significance of such a meal.

On the 26th I noted that Thelma, thirteen years old, ~~was~~ wept inconsolably because my wife brought her in from the street after dark where she was flirting with some boys.

The 27th was spent in dictating an outline of my report on the San Juan situation. In the afternoon the Minister and Sr. Vallejo came to my office to inquire when the report would be completed and I promised that it should be finished within a week.

On the 30th the Minister sent for me and asked for a memorandum on Mr. H. Foster Payne, who had been recommended for a position in the Argentine Bureau of Mines. Fortunately I remembered having met Mr. Payne at meetings of the Council of National Defense in Washington as a representative of the Bureau of Mines and was therefore able to make a favorable report. Later I learned that he had been engaged by the Argentine government, but it was after I left and we did not meet.

On the night of April 1st a strong wind blew across the level Pampa and through the city, doing considerable damage. The next morning the temperature fell to 44 degrees and the river fell ten feet, exposing broad banks of mud. Steam heat was turned on in the Department of Agriculture building for the first time

(1924)

~~E--1581.~~ 1290

in its history. In the afternoon I handed my report on the economic situation in the Province of San Juan to the Minister, who seemed greatly pleased to get it. A letter from Mr. ^TXenny, Assistant Chief of the U.S. Bureau of ^{Agricultural} Economics, advised me that Mr. Asher Hobson had decided to remain another year as delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

On the 3^d I accompanied Dr. Urien, Dr. Boto, director of rural education and extension, the Director of Industries and Commerce, and an engineer, to witness a demonstration of a machine to separate the fiber from the leaves of the Australian flax plant (*Formium tenax*), an experimental plot of which was being grown successfully on an island near Tigre. Dr. Urien was an enthusiast on the subject and had written a bulletin about it. The machine seemed to function efficiently; but it seemed to me, however, that in a country growing millions of acres of flax and with natural conditions favorably to the production of cotton, there was little opportunity for this strange imported plant that required special soil and climatic conditions for its growth and costly machinery for its manipulation.

On the 4th I heard Mr. Fealey, the U.S. Commercial Attache, describe his visit to the United States at the American Club luncheon. The Americans present listened with great interest because it brought back to each one of them vivid memories of the homeland. A shout of appreciation went up when Mr. Fealey told of having seen a sign just outside of San Francisco reading, "City limits of Los Angeles--Business section 350 miles." Such a sign would be wholly unintelligible to a foreigner who knew nothing of the rivalry between the two cities.

On the 4th Sr. Vallejo sent up a letter from the Minister of the Interior, to whom my report on San Juan had been transmitted,

(1924)

E--1382. 1291

highly commending the report and saying that it would be printed immediately. Wrote a letter to the Director of the Defensa Agricola suggesting the wisdom of having all his field comisarios concentrate during the present year on listing all the farms and ranches with statistical data relating thereto as a basis for their work and as a supplement to the estimates of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics. Also wrote a letter to Sr. Vidal, agronomist of the Pacific Railway expressing appreciation of the fruit exposition organized by him at Mendoza and making a number of suggestions regarding the shipment of fruits from Mendoza under refrigeration, the establishment of a museum, the manufacture and sale of souvenirs characteristic of the Andean region, and the printing of attractive postcards in color, and other means of making Mendoza a interesting and attractive to tourists. I sent a copy of this letter to the Minister, and the next morning saw it published in La Prensa, La Nacion, and other morning papers. Sr. Vallejo sent for me to look at a collection of specimen apples from the Rio Negro region. They were fine specimens, large, of good shape and color, and without blemish. The Minister came into the room while we were examining the apples and said that the Minister of the Interior and the President were both greatly pleased with my San Juan report and the President had ordered that it be published.

On the 6th Dr. Marbut, who had returned from his visit to Chile, and Mr. Westover took supper with us and my wife was more than pleased to see these American friends eat the things she had prepared. We spent a very enjoyable evening reminiscing about our departmental life and friends in Washington and comparing notes of our ~~expxx~~ observations and experiences in Argentina.

(1924)

~~E-1383.~~ 1292

^R
The 2 7th I dictated a letter to Dr.A.E.Taylor of the Food Research Laboratory of California, about Argentine wheats. Also received a number of questionnaire forms prepared in the Office of the Comptroller General of Commerce with request that I return them with criticisms and ~~mtx~~ comments, which I did the following day.

On the 10th I wrote a letter to Dr.H.C.Taylor, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics at Washington, listing the things representatives of the United States should look for and report upon in Argentina. The following day I prepared a detailed answer to questions contained in a letter received from the Commissioner of Labor in Saskatchewan. By a curious coincidence, while dictating this letter, I had a visit from a representative of the Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada.

On the 14th Sr. Vallejo brought to my office and introduced Mr.Winters, who had been engaged to take charge of experimental work in growing cotton; and Mr.Tutt, formerly with the U.S.Department of ~~Exxxxx~~ Commerce, to have charge of organizing a system of marketing cotton; and a Mr.Charlan, from the Candaian Department of Commerce, to have charge of tobacco growing investigations. They had just arrived. I accompanied them to the office of the Minister who outlined for them what he had in mind for them to do.

Following the 15th came four days of Easter holidays. I spent the time very agreeably reading and taking the family to picture shows and to luncheons in the city.

On April 22 the crop reporting board prepared a report under the new system, which was released at a specified time announced in advance. Several reporters were present to receive copies as soon as the door was thrown open. I had previous-

(1924)

~~E-1384~~. 1293

ly seen Mr. Rugeroni of the Argentine Times and a representative of The River Plate and suggested to them that the forthcoming report would be important, that it would have news value, and that it marked the beginning of a new and more satisfactory system of crop reporting for Argentina, and ~~that~~ they could well afford to give the bureau a little publicity and ^{play}~~put~~ up Dr. Urien in connection with the development of the bureau. They and other periodicals did so. Nearly all the Argentine papers carried the report the next day, with an explanatory statement that I ^{had}~~had~~ prepared, a schedule of dates when future reports might be expected, a write up of Dr. Urien and the progress made under his administration and his photograph prominently displayed at the head. Dr. Urien was thrilled and delighted at this unexpected publicity and recognition. His colleagues in the department called by telephone or in person to congratulate him, as did other friends throughout the city. Even the minor employes in the bureau were pleased and smiling. ^PI was more than pleased, also, because I felt that this publicity would perhaps do more to establish the new system than anything I might say or do. I felt that my project was a success and that everybody was satisfied. From this time forward, ~~except~~ aside from acting in an advisory capacity to the bureau and as a recognized authority on Argentine agriculture to whom all English speaking visitors were referred, my office work became very light. Looking forward to the time when I would be called upon for a report to the U.S. Department of Agriculture on Argentina I began to assemble data in systematic form on the physical characteristics, the botany, the agriculture, and the economic situation of the country. I also read Argentine history, literature, and fiction.

On the 24th Prof. Withers, of the Wisconsin University, spent most of the day with me and we had luncheon together at the Phoenix Hotel.

On the 28th Dr. Bello, head of the Department of Retirement and Pensions (Caja de Jubilaciones y Pensiones) ^{called by} ~~called by~~ direction of the President to ask my help in organizing a census of government employes. I spent the following day at the department studying the methods so far developed for handling the personnel records of national employes, and several days studying the forms and system, and concluded ^{it} ~~that~~ the system as outlined would work as well as any and that it would be unwise to suggest changes that might prove embarrassing; for which reason I complimented the chiefs of division on the completeness of the system proposed and reported favorably to the head of the department, at which he seemed greatly relieved and pleased.

On May 4, Sunday, I took the family to visit the Historical Museum in the city. The museum ^{had} ~~was~~ a very good collection of objects illustrating the early history of Argentina, paintings, clothing, military uniforms and accoutrements, furniture, cooking utensils, saddles, bridles and spurs, weapons, crude wagons, and farm implements.

The papers were full of a threatened strike on account of a pending retirement bill and a proposed reduction of five per cent in salaries and wages. The following day the strike took effect, but the city was quiet and the streets were deserted.

On May 8 the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, who had never been friendly to me or my mission, resigned and Sr. Vallejo was appointed to succeed him.

On the 11th I read Clemenceau's "Notes" on his voyage to South America

(1924)

~~E-1386~~. 1295

On the 12th I attended^d a formal dinner at the American Club, followed by the election of officers, after which I addressed the annual meeting of the Engineers Society, in which I told them about the reorganization of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics.

On the 14th Mr. Rugeroni, editor of the Argentine Times, presented me with a box of Havana cigars and ten copies of the special edition containing my article on "Impressions of Argentina."

On May 15 I joined Mr. O'Grady at his office and together we went to Alsina, a suburb, to take the Midland train for the Campion ranch near Enrique Lavalle in the southwestern part of the Province of Buenos Ayres and about 250 miles distant. On the train we were joined by Messrs. Braisdell and Owens, friends of Mr. O'Grady. We had supper on the train and I sat next to Mr. Campion. From him I learned that his father and uncle with their families came from England to the United States in the early 90's, intending to farm in the middle west. It was a time of great agricultural depression and after a year in which they learned how our cornbelt farmers grew maize and pigs, they decided to go on to Australia. Finding conditions even worse there they came to Argentina, bought 15,000 acres of good land very cheap and began raising maize and hogs and were very successful. The soil and climate where they settled is very similar to those of Iowa and Illinois. For many years they had grown a thousand acres or more of maize, several thousand acres of alfalfa, and 15 to 20,000 hogs. Not only did they follow the American system but they used American varieties of maize, which are quite different from the Argentine type, which produces small reddish amber colored ears with round flinty kernels. Mr.

(1924)

E-1387. 1296

Campion relatad some of the difficulties they encountered when they tried to market some surplus corn of the big eared, soft kernel, white or yellow varieties as grown in the United States. One of the brothers took sample ears to the livery stables in Buenos Ayⁱres and the owners shook their heads, saying that Argentine horses would not eat that kind of maize. As a last resort he induced the owner of one of the larger stables to accept a carload of American corn as a free gift and try it on his Argentine horses. Of course, the horses ate it readily. In this way local prejudice was overcome and a new market for American corn was established.

The night was extremely cold and there was no heat in the train. Everyone retired early in the hope of keeping warm in bed, but I found it impossible to sleep for the cold.

The next morning the windows of the coaches were covered with a coating of ice. We had a cup of coffee on the train, which arrived at Lavallo at 8.30 a.m. We spent the day inspecting the dairy farm of Mr.O'Grady, a new venture on his part, and the ^{corn} great/~~grain~~ fields and alfalfa meadows and the droves of pigs of the great ranch of Mr.Santiago Campion. Most of the corn was husked in the field and hauled in wagons to cribs made of woven wire. Some of the fields were harvested by horses, cattle, and hogs, which were turned ^{loose} ~~into the fields~~ and allowed to help themselves. ^PWe repaired to the rather small house of Mr.Campion after dark where we had supper and huddled about an open fireplace until bed time. The room was very cold, cold enough to freeze water in a bucket near the door. In the fireplace was a small bed of coals. To oneside was an armful of wood. From time to time Mr. Campion would lay one stick, never more than one, across the coals and we would watch it blaze up. The heat it generated

(1924)

~~E-1388~~ 1297

was not perceptible beyond a few feet. And yet the proprietor of this establishment was reputed to be worth more than a million dollars and outside, as evidence of great wealth, was a stack of wood as high as a barn. But this wealthy man sat there for several hours shivering himself and seeing his guests shiver and the most he could bring himself to do was to lay one stick on the fire and wait until it had been completely consumed before squandering another stick. I said to myself that in the whole United States, ^{no} white, negro, or Indian, living outside of cities ^{was} so poor in wealth or spirit that he would not have a roaring fire on a night like this, even if he had to steal the fuel to make it. Occasionally the proprietor wound up a small, portable, and very squeaky phonograph for our entertainment. The only redeeming feature of that evening's entertainment was a liberal supply of whiskey, which every one drank freely in the vain hope that it would warm him up.

The next forenoon we continued our inspection of endless fields of maize and alfalfa and ^{droves of} pigs. Mr. Campion took me to see a neat schoolhouse he had erected on his place near a small village of peone families. Not only had he erected and furnished the school but he employed the teacher at his own expense, to whom he furnished a dwelling and a garden for his family. On entering the school house we found the master seated upon a small desk with three [;] pupils of different ages before him. These were his own children. The master was very deferential and smiling and his wife, who came in while we were there, was equally so. Mr. Campion was naturally disappointed. He said that in the nearby village were at least 85 children of school age for whose especial benefit he had built the school and that under the Argentine law all children of school age were required to be kept in school.

(1924)

~~E-1389~~. 1298'

I asked what was the probable explanation of their absence. He said their parents were not interested in schooling, that they were desperately poor, that the children themselves did not like to go to school, with the result that they kept out of school on every possible pretext, usually alleging sickness, or to help in the housework or in the fields and thereby contribute something to the family income.

In the afternoon Mr. O'Grady and I attended an auction sale of farm land about eighteen miles from the Campion ranch. This land was part of a large estate the proprietor of which had borrowed so heavily on it that he could not keep up the interest payments and the creditors had been compelled to foreclose their mortgage. They divided the estate into small lots of 50 to 200 acres which were to be sold that afternoon by auction. The ^{sale} ~~ste~~ took place in a country store which was crowded to capacity. The lots sold quickly for about \$40 per acre.

We returned to the house of our host after dark and had a very plain supper and again sat around the inadequate fire until midnight, when we caught the train for Buenos ⁱAyres. Again I was unable to sleep because of the cold.

In the morning the country side was covered with a white frost. We reached Buenos ⁱAyres at 10 a.m. and within half an hour I was thawing out in my own home and for the first time in three days and nights I felt comfortably warm. At noon we had friends in for luncheon, and in the afternoon the children had a tea party, which was very amusing to the grownups because of their stiff and solemn conduct--like so many little Indians, which may not be so far fetched as it seems because Indians are said to be children of nature, and most children reproduce the evolutionary ^{history} ~~history~~ of the race.

(1924)

~~C-1390~~ 1299

On the 21st I inspected the exhibit the department had made up for the cooperative congress at Ghent. The thermometer at our house registered 40 degrees. That's pretty cold for a city of two million inhabitants where ninety-nine percent of the houses have no provision for artificial heat. The suffering of infants, invalids, and old people must have been very great.

On May 27 I joined Sr. Ballestrini, chief of the field inspectors of the bureau, at Retiro where we took the Argentine Central train for Rosario, arriving late that night, and secured a comfortable room in the best hotel in the city. Sr. Ballestrini was an Argentine gentleman of small stature and dignified bearing, who was exceptionally well informed concerning Argentine agriculture. Also he ^ospoke very pure Spanish so that it was a pleasure to converse with him.

Early the next morning we resumed our ^ujourney, rode all day through the rich agricultural country of Santa Fe, and reached the city of Cordoba after dark. There were no lights at the railway station. After a ^{late}~~light~~ supper we retired promptly, or at least I did.

The next morning was exceedingly cold and, of course, there was no "calor artificial" in the hotel. We called on the comisario de Defensa Agricola, who was a very agreeable gentleman and took luncheon with us. After a visit to his office and a discussion of agricultural conditions we visited an extensive park with an avenue of very old and rugged pepper trees (*Schinus molle*), a cathedral with many historical associations, and a historical museum which was very interesting, not only for the exhibition, but the building itself was historical. In the evening we took train for Tucuman. There was a large crowd at the station to see a bishop of the Greek Church leave on the same train. He

(1924)

~~E-1391.~~ 1300

was a man of imposing appearance, wore rich robes, a heavy gold *chain and* cross and many large jewels.

The next morning was clear and cold and for about two hours we rode between irrigated sugar cane fields. On arrival at Tucuman there was a municipal band and a large crowd of people to welcome the bishop. We spent the day^{ay} visiting the offices of the Defensa Agricola, the National Agricultural School, and the Agricultural Experiment Station under Dr. Cross, all of which were seen and described on a former visit. At noon as we approached our hotel from a side street I began to ~~notice~~ take notice of the number of dogs to be seen. Half way up the block I stopped to count them. Within two minutes I counted more than forty different dogs in that one city block. Dogs are numerous in all small cities and towns of Argentina, just as they are in our southern States.

The next day, May 31, we visited the sugar plantation and mill of Señor Fernandez at Bella Vista. The mill was one of the largest and best equipped in Argentina.

On Sunday, June 1, we left for Guemes. While waiting at the station a train arrived bearing the Minister of Public Instruction. A The municipal band and a large crowd were there to receive him.

All day we rode through a broken mountainous country covered with scrub trees and shrubs with scarcely any cultivated land or habitations in sight. We arrived at Guemes after dark, a small town with a railway station and one little hotel, situated on flat bottom land covered with scrub brush and surrounded by mountains.

The next day was clear and warm. The only conveyance Sr. Ballestrini and I could obtain was a two-wheeled sulky pulled

(1924)

~~E-1392~~ 1904

by a bony horse of middle age driven by a small boy. In this outfit we drove ten or twelve miles over a rough road through the brush. The ground was flat and the soil was full of water-worn stones, as if the valley was the bottom of a great river or lake. We saw some longhorned cattle and met a young native riding a pony and wearing enormous chaps of cowhide. At my request he stopped long enough for me to take a snap shot of him and his strange accoutrement. *P* We reached our destination, the National Experimental Farm, shortly ^{before} ~~after~~ noon and found the director in his office. We had luncheon with the director and his wife. The house in which he and his family lived was a substantial and commodious building. There were about 25 acres in cultivation, much of it in citrous fruit trees, oranges, lemons, grape fruit, tangerines, and cumqu^{at}as, of many different varieties, most of them in bad condition. Also the place was badly infested with bermuda grass which had recently been plowed up, and all about the place were piles of brush that had been cleared from around the buildings and from between the trees. Aside from the citrus orchard there were a few plots in forage crops of various kinds and a few rows of Cuban tobacco. The director seemed to be much discouraged. *P* We had barely walked over the place when a big bluff German looking man drove up in riding outfit and driving a smart sulky and horse. The director introduced him as Señor Schultz, his predecessor as director of the station. To my surprise Mr. Schultz said that for a time he was employed in the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction at Washington, had often seen me and would have recognized me anywhere. I asked him what he was doing in the Argentine jungle. He explained that under a former minister he had come to Argentina under contract to establish a citrus fruit experiment station. He picked this

(1924)

E-1393. 1302

spot because of its sheltered situation, good soil, and water available for irrigation. He had supervised the clearing and fencing of the land and the erection of buildings. With the co-operation of the U.S. Department of Agriculture he had obtained specimens of almost every variety of citrus fruit and saw them properly planted. He succeeded in securing fairly adequate equipment and had drawn up a program for experimental work. Just as the station was well started and he was looking forward to a bright and interesting future the national administration changed and the abominable Irrigoyen and his adherents gained control. All contracts were repudiated and all funds for the maintenance of experimental research work were ~~withdrawn~~. He ^{then} purchased a large tract of land near by, continued to live in the station buildings for awhile, until he could clear ~~some~~ of his land and put up buildings of his own. From that time on the station was wholly neglected and the jungle crept over it. When the present director ^{was} ~~was~~ appointed about a year before and found the entrance the buildings were not visible because of the growth about them. He cut his way through from the gate to the veranda with a machete. When he got the door open he found the house infested with swarms of hornets. The house had to be fumigated to destroy the insect life in it before he could take possession. With the small allotment of funds available it had taken the new director a year to clear away the brush, cut out the diseased wood in the citrus orchard, and plow the ground, which accounted for ~~it~~ the present appearance of the place.

Meanwhile Mr. Schultz had developed his own place. He got his land cleared for practically nothing by giving the local Indians all the maize they could raise on the land they cleared for a year or two, after which he seeded the land down to alfalfa.

(1924)

E-1394-1909

fa, which he fed to a herd of cattle he had accumulated. A railroad was building between Argentina and Chile and to the contractors he sold all the surplus alfalfa hay, vegetables, poultry, eggs, and dairy products he could produce at handsome prices. The previous year his crops had brought him over 50,000 pesos.

We drove over to his place and I met his wife, who was responsible for the vegetable, dairy, and poultry branches of the venture. It was evident that she was lonely, which was not surprising in a wilderness and separated from neighbors by long distances. She was not nearly so enthusiastic as her husband, and I could not blame her. At parting Mr. Schultz gave me the dried skin of a tiger cat.

We were to catch the train out of Guemes at 6 p.m., the only one leaving for the north within $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We were delayed in getting away from the Schultz place, and our nag was inclined to be very slow and deliberate. ~~It~~ It was hot, the road was rough, we had twelve miles to go, and our progress was slow. I did not relish the idea of spending another night and day at the ^{primitive} little hotel in Guemes. As time passed, faster than we did, it became apparent that we could not catch that train. I urged Sr. Ballestrini to work on the boy driver and try to accelerate the speed of the horse. He tried this by first urging the boy to hurry up, then by telling him what we would do to him if he did not reach Guemes before six o'clock, and lastly by offering him a money prize if he made the station in time for the train. The boy simply smiled and said "El ~~pau~~ pobre caballo no puede, Senores, el no puede." (The poor horse cannot do it, gentlemen, he cannot do it.) The little rascal made no effort to stimulate his horse and seemed to ~~g~~ regard our growing anxiety

(1924)

~~E-1395~~ 1304

with the utmost complacency and enjoyment. We were more than a mile from the station at 6 o'clock, train time, and became resigned to spending another 24 hours ^{ai} waiting for the next train. This was confirmed when we came within sight of the station and saw that it was deserted.

At the hotel, however, the proprietor gave us the joyful news that the train was late and might arrive at any minute. We hastily packed out suitcases, paid our bill, and waited for the sound of the approaching train. While waiting we were served with a bottle of beer which was soothing to our strained nerves. Then the station master drifted in and said he did not know when the train would arrive but he would let us know as soon as he had notice. With this assurance, we ordered supper. After supper we sat up until midnight for the train that did not come, passing the time with a bottle of wine, telling stories, and smoking. Upon the assurance of the proprietor that we would be awakened in time to catch the train we retired for the night.

The next morning we were awakened at six o'clock, dressed hastily, gulped down a cup of coffee, paid the score, and walked over to the station. After waiting half an hour the train actually hove into sight and came to a gasping stop. While waiting another train came in from the north loaded with Indians on their way to the sugar plantations of Tucuman. Most of the men and the women with them were young and husky, with straight black hair, and most of them dressed in bright colors and ^{wore} wearing shawls or ponchos. They were packed in the coaches like sardines.

We reached Salta in two or three hours and found it to be a city of considerable size, typically Spanish in appearance, and looking very old. Mountains were on all sides. In the afternoon we had a long interview with the comisario de Defensa Agri-

(1924)

~~E-1396.1305~~

cola who discussed the situation of agriculture in the Province, showed us his records, and promised cooperation with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Before sundown we explored the city and I took some photographs.

The next morning, June 4, we left Salta and reached Jujuy in time for luncheon. The country between the two cities is mountainous and very interesting. The train follows valleys between the mountains and at one place passed through a gorge a few hundred yards wide with a mountain stream at the bottom and perpendicular sides of clay that has been eroded into thousands of columns, towers, and buttresses. The fields and houses were few and far between. Most of the country is covered with scrub trees and brush and seemed to be semiarid, that is, the ground was generally bare except for scattering bushes and cacti. Some of the cacti were fifteen feet high and the ground under them was covered with oblong yellow prickly pears that had ripened and fallen. We saw many of the peculiar looking capok trees with white naked branches at right angles to the trunk and bearing numerous large pods that fluffed out a peculiar white silken fiber ~~and~~ resembling giant half open cotton bolls.

Jujuy ^{was} ~~wa~~ an exceedingly interesting and picturesque city surrounded by high mountains which rose above the ¹clouds and reflected beautiful colors from sunlight and shadow. After luncheon we visited the comisario de Defensa Agricola and the regional agronomo at the National Bank, both of whom described local conditions, exhibited their records, and gave us full information. We accepted the invitation of the agronomo to visit his orange orchard near the city. He had a large orchard of many varieties that was just coming into bearing and about which he was very enthusiastic. I strongly suspected that most of his official time

(1924)

~~E-1397.~~ 1306

was devoted to developing this private enterprise. So enthusiastic was he and so many things he had to show us that it was after 8 p.m. when he returned us to our hotel.

Before our interviews I had stepped into a drugstore to purchase some photographic films. On the counter was a box of picture postcards, among which was a series of photographs of nude Indian women and girls taken in various positions and in full sunlight. Of course, I bought some of them, and later was embarrassed to know what to do with them. when I ^{ea} realized that I could neither show them to my wife and childrenⁿ or take them into the United States, because of the assumption that pictures of nude humans are indecent and corrupting to human morals. When I asked the proprietor if those pictures of nude Indians remained exposed all the time, he replied that they did and that they were objects of interest to men and women, boys and girls of the town, but that only foreigners bought them, and then asked, "Que tal?" (What of it.) I thought so too.

We left Jujuy on the early morning train of the 5th and rode all day to Santiago del Estero, arriving at midnight. In the forenoon the ride was through mountains of great beauty. Near at hand were low ranges covered with green trees and back of them were higher and higher ranges delicately colored with grays, pinks, and purples, the summits of the higher ones covered with snow. As the day wore on we came out on the lower levels into a semiarid region of giant cacti with thick columnar trunks twelve to twentyfour feet high. At a railway junction we saw another train load of Indians bound for the cane fields of Tucuman.

At Santiago del Estero we went to a small hotel facing the public square, and it was probably 1 a.m. when we retired. The next morning we were awakened by a horrible din made by the

was devoted to developing this private enterprise. So an-
thracite was he and no many things he had to show us that it
was after 8 p.m. when he returned as to our hotel.

Before our interview I had stepped into a drugstore to
purchase some photographic films. On the counter was a box
of picture postcards, among which was a series of photographs
of nude Indian women and girls taken in various positions and in
full sunlight. Of course, I bought some of them, and later was
embarrassed to know what to do with them. When I explained that I
could neither show them to my wife and children or take them
into the United States, because of the assumption that pictures
of nude humans are indecent and corrupting to human morals.

When I asked the proprietor if those pictures of nude Indians
mentioned exposed all the time, he replied that they did and
that they were objects of interest to men and women, boys and
girls of the town, but that only foreigners bought them, and
then asked, "How tall?" (What of it?) I thought so too.

We left early on the early morning train of the 5th and
rose all day to Santiago del Estero, arriving at midnight. In the
forenoon the ride was through mountains of great beauty. Near
at hand were low ranges covered with green trees and back of them
were higher and higher ranges delicately colored with gray,
pink, and purple, the summit of the higher ones covered with
snow. As the day wore on we came out on the lower levels into
a levelled region of grassy soil with thick columnar cacti twelve
to twenty feet high. At a railway junction we saw another
train load of Indians bound for the same fields of Tucuman.
At Santiago del Estero we went to a small hotel facing
the public square, and it was probably 10 a.m. when we arrived.
The next morning we were awakened by a horrible din made by the

(1924)

~~E-1399~~ 1308

tercation between myself and a German. At the luncheon table Sr. Ballestrini and I sat on one side of the table and on the other were two gentlemen, one obviously an Argentinian and the other obviously a big, blunt, self-sufficient German. After luncheon we continued to sit at the table and smoke. The German opened conversation by asking me in Spanish if I was a "Norte Americano." In response to my questions he acknowledged that he was a native of Germany and had lived many years in the United States and was in St. Louis in 1917 when the United States entered the war. I remarked that I was glad to hear it. I then inquired politely what his line of business was in Argentina. He said he was selling coal. He was gruff and evidently hostile, but to keep the conversation going with a man who had been in my country and could speak English I remarked that "selling coal should be a profitable business in Argentina because apparently Argentina had no coal," which to me seemed to be a perfectly innocent remark.

¶ He replied with undue heat, this time in Spanish, "It is not true, señor, Argentina has marvelous coal mines, equally as good as any in the United States." ¶ These words, uttered in Spanish and in a belligerent tone of voice and with a scowl, were somewhat disconcerting to me and attracted the attention of others. I smiled and replied in Spanish, "Bueno, Señor, I am glad to hear it, because if Argentina has the wealth of coal you say she has she will some day rival Germany as an industrial country and far surpass her in wealth; please, señor, tell me where those wonderful coal mines are situated, and why it is that you are in Argentina trying to sell coal imported from Germany and Great Britain; also, señor, please give me your reply in the beautiful language of Argentina that you speak so well." ¶ He sputtered in English, "The coal is up in the mountains, mountains of it, but

(1924)

~~E-1400.~~ 1909

these fools have not sense enough to mine it." ^P I replied in Spanish "What you say would be of great interest to everyone in this coach; shall I translate for their benefit, or are you afraid that they will understand what you have just said about the gentleman of Argentina?" For a moment he was speechless.

^P Then he asked me in English from what part of the United States I came. I replied that I was from the State of Texas, a State larger than Germany, a State in which every man carried a gun, knew how to use it, and always shot first. ^P ~~Again~~ He was silent, but again ~~he~~ reopened the conversation by asking if things were not in a bad way in the United States. I replied that on the contrary the United States was prospering as never before. ^P This set him off on a tirade about the money-mad people of the United States, dollar worshippers, who had profited by the war. Although spoken in English, his booming voice and threatening manner ~~again~~ attracted attention. So long as he spoke in English and the others did not understand I was content to listen, and with a certain degree of interest to a ~~frankly~~ hostile expression of opinion by a German, but when he forgot himself and dropped into Spanish with the statement that North Americans were cowards, I raised my hand and said in Spanish, "Just a moment, señor, you forget yourself; I have several questions to ask and I want the answers to be in Spanish, or if you prefer I will translate them into Spanish; please tell me in which direction the Germans were running after the North Americans appeared in France. Just answer that. Surely the brave Germans did not run away from cowards. Is it not so? You have said that the North Americans worship their dollar. Just now one American dollar is worth 250,000 German marks. On a German mark basis, the only one a German understands, is it not true that a single Norte Americano with one dollar is

these fools have not sense enough to mine it." I replied in Spanish "What you say would be of great interest to everyone in this coach; shall I translate for their benefit, or are you afraid that they will understand what you have just said about the gentlemen of Argentina?" For a moment he was speechless. Then he asked me in English from what part of the United States I came. I replied that I was from the State of Texas, a State larger than Germany, a State in which every man carried a gun, knew how to use it, and always shot first. He was silent, but again he reopened the conversation by asking if things were not in a bad way in the United States. I replied that on the contrary the United States was prospering as never before. This set him off on a tirade about the money-mad people of the United States, dollar worshippers, who had profited by the war. Although spoken in English, his booming voice and threatening manner again attracted attention. So long as he spoke in English and the others did not understand I was content to listen, and with a certain degree of interest to a first hostile expression of opinion by a German, but when he forgot himself and dropped into Spanish with the statement that North Americans were cowards, I raised my hand and said in Spanish, "Just a moment, señor, you forget yourself; I have several questions to ask and I want the answers to be in Spanish, or if you prefer I will translate them into Spanish; please tell me in which direction the Germans were running after the North Americans appeared in France last winter that surely the brave Germans did not run away from cowards. Is it not so? You have said that the North Americans worship their dollar. Just now one American dollar is worth 250,000 German marks. On a German mark basis, the only one a German understands, is it not true that a single North American with one dollar is

~~E-1401.~~ 1310

[illegible]

(1924)

E-1402. 1311

we call them 'square heads or wooden heads, and many of them are offensive and intolerable.'

The next morning, June 8, we woke up about 60 miles from Buenos Ayres and arrived at the Retiro station about 10 a.m. Again it was a relief to rejoin my family. Rosie, the little dog, was especially vociferous and demonstrative in her welcome. A bath, change of clothing, and a good dinner in a warm room was enough to make any one feel better and more optimistic.

On the 9th Messrs. Winters and Tutt, cotton specialists, and my stenographer, Mr. Wasner, who accompanied them, returned from a trip to the Chaco country. They reported that the entire cotton region was infested with the dreaded pink boll worm pest.

The next few days were spent in answering an accumulation of correspondence and checking up on the work of the statistical bureau. Also in reading early history of Argentina. I ran across an amusing statement in a copy of a contract between one of the early Spanish conquistadores and the King of Spain which, after conferring upon the adventurer the title and authority of viceroy to all new lands he might discover, stipulated among other things that he should take with him a supply of seeds and, "for breeding purposes," a specified number of stallions, bulls, rams, boars, and "eight friars." No doubt this masculine importation from Spain did its duty because within less than a century the Argentine Pampa was covered with countless herds of wild horses and cattle and the complexion of the native Indians had changed noticeably.

On the 17th I began to summarize the results of the important crop reports.

On the 18th Dr. Winters and his family took supper with us. He had brought with him from the United States a new automobile.

(1924)

~~E-1403~~ 1312

This evening he brought his family in the car. He had been in the house but a few minutes when ^athe policeman rang the doorbell and insisted that he must remove the spare tire from the automobile to prevent its being stolen; otherwise he could not be responsible for it.

This week a neighbor family with whom we had become acquainted through the children, left for the United States. These friends were from Holland, the wife an ex-opera singer. The husband had resigned his position with a Dutch steamship company because of its fraudulent conduct and the distressing consequences to innocent people. ^PThe United States had passed a law restricting immigration from European countries to certain specified quotas, but these quotas did not apply to South American countries. The agents of the Dutch line, as well as of many other lines, advertised that prospective immigrants to the United States could evade the quota requirements by going first to Argentina, getting their papers vised by the U.S. Consul at Buenos Ayres, which would entitle them to entry in the United States. Sometimes several shiploads of immigrants arrived at Buenos Ayres the same day. On several occasions a line of poor immigrants trying to get vises on their passports extended from the office of the U.S. Consul for several city blocks, some of them having stood in line all night so as not to lose their place. On such occasions the consul had to lock his doors and send his employes down the line with interpreters to explain to the poor wretches that they had been deceived and that their passports could not be vised for entry in the United States. Thus they found themselves in a strange country, many of them without money, and all of them without knowledge of the language. ^PDisappointed, heartbroken, and terrified they would ~~stare~~ swarm back to the offices of the

(1924)

~~E-1404~~. 1913

shipping company and the employes, who were in no way responsible for the cruel fraud, had to break the truth to them. My friend said that the scenes enacted in his office daily were harrowing and so distressing that he could not endure it longer. The next week a red flag hung over the door of the house they occupied and a placard announced the day and hour when their household effects would be sold by auction.. This is the regular custom in Buenos Ayⁱres when people move from one city to another. My wife attended the auction and reported that everything, even though badly worn, sold readily for prices equal to those of new articles. She also learned that the prices bid were "net," that is, when the purchaser came to settle he had to pay five per cent additional to the auctioneer. Our entire family, and others, accompanied our friends to the steamer to bid them farewell. After seeing them off we took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Tutt at the Palace Hotel.

On the 21st I took luncheon with Dr. Winters, the cotton specialist, who related his rather unsatisfactory experience with Dr. E. D. Ball of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, which ~~co~~ ^{was} ~~incided~~ ^{similar to} with my own.

For the next few days I had many visitors at the office.

On the evening of the 25th, "Fred," the deck steward on the S. S. VanDyck, called at our house. He was a short, stubby, little Cockney who had won Thelma's high regard on the trip down by supplying her with icecream. This was his third visit to our house to visit Thelma--she a slip of thirteen, he a seasoned campaigner of many ports. It was something of a trial to me, partly because I disliked him and his type, and partly because of his ignorance, his bad manners, and because he monopolized the conversation, mostly about himself, and he always stayed late.

(1924)

~~E-1405~~ 13/4

I would have sent him packing in short order had it not been that Thelma was obviously flattered by his attentions and my wife welcomed his visits "because the poor sailor man was lonely." Some days later she intercepted a letter from him to Thelma from which it appeared that she was in correspondence with him--and she only thirteen.

On the 26th I received some beautiful samples of Argentine hard woods from the representative of a lumber company.

The evening of the 27th we joined Mr. and Mrs. Tutt and Mr. and Mrs. Charlan at a theater party, followed by refreshments at a restaurant where a negro jazz band was playing. To reach our table we had to pass by the raised platform on which the band was sitting. Somehow those negroes with their good natured faces looked very homelike to me and, catching the eye of one of them, I said "Where'e you all from?" He grinned and answered "Noo Yo'k." "Good place to go back to, ain't it," I said. "You'h suttinly mighty right, boss," came the reply.

As June came to a close we began to think more and more of our coming return to the United States.

Early in July I had a number of conferences with Dr. Urien and his colleagues in the statistical bureau. On the 2d there was a meeting of the field ~~agents~~ inspectors to whom Dr. Urien repeated and explained many of the instructions I had prepared for their guidance.

On the 4th Dr. Urien and I inspected the operation of a Power's census tabulating machine and the system of making up the monthly gas bills for the city.

On the 14th, Eugene, a solemn youth of 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlan, made a formal call on Thelma with a box of bonbons as a peace offering. This was his first call on a young lady

and he was much embarrassed and very awkward. Thelma was furious and my wife had difficulty in keeping her in the same room or from openly insulting him. Evidently the young lady of thirteen preferred suitors of more mature age and experience. The poor boy did not know how to leave and was still there when I returned from the office. I relieved the situation by inviting him up to my room to hear some ^lively phonographic records.

That evening we took supper with Dr. Winters and his family.

We arrived just in time to see their brook^d of children in the bathtub. Preceded by Mrs. Winters we tiptoed up to the second floor. At the head of the stairs was a bathroom with the door open. In the tub were four youngsters, two boys and two girls, the youngest two and the eldest six, and four curly heads and four pairs of bright eyes looked over the rim of the tub at the approaching visitors. We had a nice supper and a very enjoyable evening.

During the course of the evening I mentioned my encounter with the ill-mannered German on my trip from Santiago del Estero. Dr. Winters matched it with a story of his experience with a group of Germans on the train from Val Paraiso to Buenos Ayⁱres. Upon entering the train he had placed his family in adjoining seats so as to be together, and the children under the eye of their mother. After some hours the train stopped at Los Andes, a junction point. Here a group of Germans boarded the train. There were plenty of vacant seats, but two of these men elected to occupy one of the seats assigned to the children and for that purpose removed the^{ir} playthings, the children for the moment being absent. Dr. Winters leaned forward and politely told the intruders that the seat was already occupied. The only answer he got was a contemptuous look. By this time the train got under way

(1924)

E--1407, 1316

and the children returned to their seat. Dr. Winters again asked the intruders if they would please take another seat so that the children could be with their parents. He said this politely and smilingly, and to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding pointed to the children, to the seat and their playthings, and to vacant seats farther down the aisle. He was greeted with a contemptuous scowl and one of the men deliberately raised his feet and rested them on the back of the seat in front of him. Dr. Winters was something of an athlete, over six feet in height, and without more ado he stood up slowly, stepped forward, caught the nearest German by the collar, yanked him violently out of the seat, turned him quickly around, and bumped him with his knee from behind, and set him down in a vacant seat with a bump, and then rubbed his nose slowly and deliberately with the knuckles of his clenched fist. Returning he found the other German standing up with a look of uncertainty on his face. Dr. Winters pointed significantly to the vacant seat at the side of his companion. The German stepped out and Dr. Winters escorted him to the seat indicated, thrust him into it, and rubbed his nose with his fist. The Germans were very quiet and well behaved during the rest of the day and when they changed cars at Mendoza were careful to avoid the coach in which Dr. Winters and his family were installed.

This incident, and my own experience, illustrates the attitude of ^{many} Germans in Argentina at that time toward Americans. They were haughty, overbearing, and as insulting as they dared be, but when confronted by an irate American ready to fight they always backed down.

On the evening of July 7 I was the honor guest at a banquet given by Dr. Urien and his associates at a restaurant at which complimentary speeches were made, and which I acknowledged as

and the children returned to their seats. Dr. Winter again asked the instructors if they would please take another seat so that the children could be with their parents. He said this politely and smilingly, and to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding pointed to the children, to the seat and their belongings, and to vacant seats further down the aisle. He was greeted with a contemptuous cough and one of the men deliberately raised his feet and rested them on the back of the seat in front of him. Dr. Winter was something of an athlete, over six feet in height, and without more he stood up slowly, stepped forward, caught the nearest German by the collar, yanked him violently out of the seat, turned him quickly around, and dumped him with his knee from behind, and set him down in a vacant seat with a bang, and then rubbed his nose slowly and deliberately with the knuckles of his clenched fist. Returning he found the other German standing up with a look of uncertainty on his face. Dr. Winter pointed significantly to the vacant seat at the side of his companion. The German stepped out and Dr. Winter escorted him to the seat indicated, turned him into it, and rubbed his nose with his fist. The Germans were very quiet and well behaved during the rest of the day and when they changed cars at Mendota were careful to avoid the coach in which Dr. Winter and his family were installed. This incident, and my own experience, illustrates the attitude of Germans in Argentina at that time toward Americans. They were hostile, overbearing, and as threatening as they dared be, but when confronted by an irate American ready to fight they always backed down.

On the evening of July 7 I was the honor guest at a banquet given by Dr. Winter and his associates at a restaurant at which complimentary speeches were made and which I acknowledged as

(1924)

~~E-1408~~ 1217

best I could. The food and wines were especially good. After supper we walked in a body to a vaudeville theater where seats had been reserved and saw a revue of feminine beauty. This entertainment was followed by coffee at a club restaurant, where we separated at an early hour in the morning.

On the 8th Dr. Urien and I inspected the addressograph outfit and filing system in the office of information which was co-operating with the statistical bureau in sending out the crop reporting questionnaires.

The afternoon of the following day we spent with the Tutts at the ⁱapartment on Avenida Florida. It was a fiesta day and there was a military parade which we observed from the balcony overlooking the street. The soldiers were well drilled and marched with great precision, but we were struck by the pallor of their faces, their solemnity, and the funereal character of the music to which they marched, as well as the silence of the crowds on the narrow sidewalks. ~~The~~ ⁱsidewalks on many of the older streets of Buenos Ayres were very narrow, often not more than three feet wide. They were barely wide enough for two people to walk abreast or for two people ~~w~~ to pass each other in opposite directions. This made ⁱit necessary for the one nearest the edge to constantly step on and off. Because of the narrowness of the streets the tracks of the street cars were often next to the sidewalk and so close that a passing car projected over the sidewalk so that pedestrians would have to keep their elbows in or flatten themselves against the wall. Another inconvenience was the ~~the~~ drip from projecting eaves when it rained fell in the center of the sidewalk, to the great discomfort of pedestrians.

On the 11th I received a letter from Secretary Wallace

(1924)

~~E-1409~~. 1318

asking me to represent the Department of Agriculture at the Congress of Social Economics to be held in Buenos Ayres in September. I arranged with the German proprietor of the house we occupied in Belgrano for an extension of my lease through October.

On the 14th I received a telegram from Dr. Winters in the Chaco setting forth the obstructive tactics of local employes of the Ministry of Agriculture, which I showed to Sr. Vallejo, who was acting in charge during the absence in Europe of the Minister. The same afternoon I sat with the crop reporting board to assist them in making the first comparison between the estimates of the field inspectors and the averages of the returns from the voluntary crop reporters. All were surprised and pleased at the close correspondence between them, each set of estimates tending to confirm the other.

On the 16th Dr. Winters returned from the Chaco, with an account of his controversy with Sr. Pastor, chief of experiment stations.

The following day Minister LeBreton returned from Europe and most of the officials of the department were at the wharf to welcome him. Because of a serious revolution in Brazil, which I planned to visit, there was some delay at the office of the Brazilian Consul in granting me permission to enter his country. In applying for this permission I met with an amusing experience. I entered the outer office of the consul, which was in the downtown section in an office building. The outer doors were wide open and on benches against the walls sat a number of poorly dressed working people waiting patiently for attention. Behind a counter sat two or three insignificant looking clerks idly examining papers. Because of the general appearance of the

asking me to represent the Department of Agriculture at the Congress of Social Economics to be held in Buenos Ayres in September. I arranged with the German proprietor of the house we occupied in Belgrano for an extension of my lease through October.

On the 14th I received a telegram from Dr. Winters in the Chaco setting forth the operative tactics of local employees of the Ministry of Agriculture, which I showed to Dr. Vallejo, who was acting in charge during the absence in Europe of the Minister. The same afternoon I sat with the crop reporting board to assist them in making the first comparison between the estimates of the field inspectors and the averages of the returns from the voluntary crop reporters. All were surprised and pleased at the close correspondence between them, each set of estimates tending to confirm the other.

On the 15th Dr. Winters returned from the Chaco, with an account of his controversy with Dr. Pastor, chief of experimental stations.

The following day Minister Lebrun returned from Europe and most of the officials of the department were at the wharf to welcome him. Because of a nervous revolution in Brazil, which I planned to visit, there was some delay at the office of the Brazilian Consul in granting me permission to enter his country. In applying for this permission I met with an amusing experience. I entered the outer office of the consul, which was in the down-town section in an office building. The outer doors were wide open and on benches against the walls sat a number of poorly dressed working people waiting patiently for attention. Behind a counter sat two or three inefficient looking clerks idly examining papers. Because of the general appearance of the

(1924)

~~E-1410~~, 1319

place I kept my hat on as I would in any business establishment on the street. After being kept waiting for some minutes an anaemic looking slerk stepped up and said sternly "Remove your hat." "Certainly," I replied, "with the greatest of pleasure. I beg your pardon. Are you His Excellency, the Consul?" Instead of asking me what I wanted, he turned his back, resumed his seat at the desk and proceeded to turn over some papers. I called to him politely, "Senhor, senhor," to which he paid no attention. My patience was/exhausted. I put on my hat and walking to the door that I surmised opened into the private office of the Consul, rapped sharply on it with the head of my cane. This brought the clerks to their feet instantly and one of them rushed towards me. I looked at him calmly and raised my stick to knock again, ^{when} ~~was~~ the door was opened by a secretary of the consul, whereupon I ceremoniously prsented my card and was instantly admitted. I found the consul to be a courteous gentleman. He explained that because of the revolutionary disturbance in Brazil all papers were scanned closely and that if I would leave mine they would receive prompt attention, so I left my passport with him.

For several days I was engaged in dictating reports.

On the 26th Assistant Secretary Vallejo sent for me and asked if I would consent to remain another six months, or better still indefinitely. I declined on the ground that I had successfully accomplished my mission and that while I enjoyed life in Argentina and regretted that I could not remain I felt that the time had come to return to my home and my work in the United States. He was very complimentary. In the afternoon the Minister sent for me and expressed a wish that I could see my way cl^aer to remain long enough to supervise the taking of another livestock census. The same day I received a letter from Dr.L.R.Rowe,

(1924)

~~E-1411~~.1320

Director of the Pan American Union, asking me to represent the *American* Association of Political and Social Science at the meeting of the International Geographic Society to be held in Buenos Ayres in October.

On the ²²~~17~~ I dictated a report suggesting certain changes in the organization and work of the bureaus of Defensa Agricola and Rural Education and Extension. The local papers reported that ships could not enter the harbor because the water was so low. As an exercise in imagination, thinking, and expression, I asked the ^{adopted} children to write me a letter about what they would do if they were alone on an island in the ocean without houses, people, or tools. The results were quite disappointing. The situation seemed to be beyond their imagination, and they refused to use their minds.

The Rugeroni Brothers, editors of the Argentine Times, had long tried to interest me in a proposed cooperative organization to erect and operate grain elevators in Argentina. To all suggestions of financial participation I had turned a deaf ear. They now asked me to arrange for a meeting with the Minister, which I did. The Minister promptly told them that the time had not yet come for a system of grain elevators in Argentina because the grain areas were not yet stabilized and areas growing great quantities one year might turn to something else the next year.

On the 25th I had luncheon with David Currier, Jr., who proposed that when I returned to the United States I should buy apples and ship them to him at Buenos Ayres on a commission basis.

The next day Sr. Vallejo promised to have made up ⁱg for me a collection of lantern slides illustrative of Argentine agriculture. Mr. Gid of the River Plate asked me to prepare an ar-

(1924)

~~E-1412~~ 1321

ticle for his publication for which he would pay me. Three American visitors called, one from Montana, one from Oklahoma, and the third from Kansas, each inquiring about Argentine lands. Sr. Patroni, chief of the Office of Information, presented me with another book of which he was the author.

On the evening of the 27th we visited the Curriers and there met a widow lady from Holland. She gave a vivid account of her life in Brussels after its occupation by the Germans in 1914; how she and her daughter lived on turnips, ^{and} how she kept her daughter concealed; of the reports that circulated of bands of girls from eight to twenty years old being rounded up and taken to the barracks and quarters of the German officers near where she lived, of their being stripped naked and their cries when they were abused, which she said she could hear from her room; and of the butcher in the same block who kept his wife and daughter concealed, and every day whetted a long butcher knife with which to defend his family against abuse by marauding Germans. She and her two children escaped concealed under some bags in a cart of a huckster who drove all the way to the Dutch boundary. They stopped opposite a meadow through which ran a small ravine on the other side of which was a house and trees. The children were instructed to enter the meadow and pick flowers and to gradually approach the house behind which they were to wait for their mother. They did so and the guards paid no attention to them. Then while the guards were passing in the opposite direction the mother crossed, and when they turned about she faced them picking flowers as if she belonged to the house. When they again turned their backs she approached nearer and nearer to the house until she was able to disappear behind it. A short walk brought them to a village, from which she could communicate

(1924)

~~E-1413~~ 1922

with relatives.

On the 28th I assisted Dr. Urien in the preparation of a statement regarding the Russian wheat situation and later had an interview with the Minister regarding it. I proposed to Assistant Secretary Vallejo that inasmuch as I was not returning directly to the United States and to avoid delay in settlement of my final account with the Argentine Government it would be simpler simply to pay me the cost of transportation of myself and family back to the United States then rather than to wait five or six months to submit a reimbursement account ~~that~~^{at} might require correspondence. To this he readily agreed. A number of friends called at the house to say good by~~e~~, thinking we were about to leave.

On the 30th Sr. Vallejo agreed to send my collection of books and papers to Washington at the expense of the department.

The 31st of July I visited all the bureaus of the department ~~and~~ said good by~~e~~ to my friends, and removed all my personal belongings from the office to Belgrano, as this was to be my last day of official service for the department. That evening I attended a banquet at the Hotel Plaza in honor of Sr. Vallejo and heard a most eloquent address by Dr. Urien.

On August 1 my status changed to Agricultural Commissioner of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, with authorization to visit Paraguay, Uruguay, and Brazil. My first task was to have the visee on my passport~~e~~ extended so as to permit me to leave and return to Argentina from time to time. After visiting the Immigration Office for this purpose, I called at the Department of Agriculture, had luncheon down town, and in the afternoon heard an interesting lecture in the hall of "La Prensa."

On the 2d I again visited the Department of Agriculture

(1924)

~~E-1414~~ 1323

where my account was settled in full. That evening I attended a banquet given by the employes of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and Statistics in my honor. This was said to be the first time the subordinate employes of any branch of the national government had done such a thing in Argentina, but I was assured that night that I had ^{made} many warm friends among them by ~~my~~ courteous and considerate treatment regardless of rank.

On the 3d I met the officials and employes of the statistical bureau at the Ricoleta Cemetery to dedicate a bronze tablet in honor of the former chief of that bureau, Sr. LaHitte. The ceremony was appropriate and dignified.

On the 4th I transferred a portion of my bank balance to the United States, exchange beginning to go against me. After an interview with the Minister and Sr. Vallejo, I called at the office of the River Plate and delivered the manuscript of an article I had prepared at the request of one of the editors. I also called on the editor of the American Weekly and the U.S. Commercial Attache to advise them of my movements.

On the 5th I was taken by the Minister and Sr. Vallejo to the Jockey Club where the chiefs of bureaus were already gathered and where we had luncheon as guests of the Minister. I was the principal guest and heard many complimentary remarks by my former friends and associates. After the luncheon the Minister presented me with a gold medal and a parchment certifying that a gold medal had been ^{ed} awarded to me for distinguished services in Argentina. The Minister also gave me a copy of an official letter he had written to Secretary Wallace highly commending my services. Naturally I felt much gratified at this public and apparently sincere recognition which assured me not only that my mission had been successfully accomplished but was

(1924)

~~E-1415~~ 1324

appreciated. I could not help wondering whether a similar group of American officials would be equally thoughtful and courteous in dealing with a foreigner.

On the afternoon of August 7 I left on the Central Railway for Posadas and Asuncion. In the same coach I found Mr. Brady, U.S. Trade Commissioner, and Mr. Islu, the Japanese Commercial Attache, and we sat together during the afternoon ride. We had a pleasant journey across the plains of Argentina, reaching Zarate after dark where the train was ferried across the river to a point in the Province of Entre Rios, the ~~water~~ trip taking about five hours.

The next morning we were still in the Province of Entre Rios, and all day rode through an undulating country, mostly of open prairie with very little agriculture, many herds of cattle, many palm trees, and very few towns. The weather was cloudy, cold, and gloomy because of mist and light rain. We entered the Province of Corrientes in the late afternoon.

The second morning we woke up early and found our coach had been detached and was resting on a siding a block from the railway station. ^{of Posadas.} No porters were visible, so I gathered my things and carried them to the station where I succeeded in getting a conveyance that took me to the Palace Hotel. The air was warm, balmy, and sweet with the perfume of orange blossoms. After breakfast I walked about the town, which I found to be like all other towns in Argentina of the Spanish type, but situated on the high bank of the Parana River which separates Argentina from Paraguay. Around many of the houses were great masses of Bougainvillea blossoms and in some of the gardens peach trees were in bloom.

I called on the Comisario of the Defensa Agricola

who talked intelligently and with first hand knowledge of agricultural conditions in the Province of Misiones. While in his office a laborer brought in a basket of plants from Paraguay across the river for inspection. The Comisario seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by my presence and asked me what I thought of the plants. I looked them over and could see no sign of disease or insects and suggested that he pass them, which he did with evident relief. I had hoped that I might visit the great Igázu Falls farther up the river, but when the Comisario said it would take at least seven days and was rather expensive I decided to forego the trip.

In the afternoon the Comisario accompanied me to the "yerbal" (yerba mate plantation and factory) of Sr. Nuñez, some miles out from the city. The country we traversed over a dirt road was covered with cut over timber and cacti, and the soil was a deep red clay. All along the road and in the woods were ant hills from two to four feet high, two feet wide at the base and sixteen inches wide at the tops. These I found by poking with a cane to be quite hard, so hard that I could make no impression with my stick.

We found the Yermal to be a large tract of ground planted to yerba mate trees which had light colored smooth bark and rather thick oblong pointed leaves, the whole tree and its foliage closely resembling a pear tree. We called at the substantial residence and were welcomed by the proprietor who accompanied us on a tour of inspection. He said that until within the last twenty years no one had ever been able to germinate the seeds of the yerba mate, which grows wild throughout northern Argentina, Paraguay, and southern Brazil. Now that a way had been found to germinate the seeds it was easy to propagate the plant and establish or-

chards which were very profitable. We were shown the process of curing the leaves and twigs. A large open circular frame of flexible poles is constructed twelve feet or more^e in diameter, and as high, with an opening on one side. The leaves and twigs are piled outside the framework and a fire is then made within the structure which dessicates the leaves. The dried leaves and twigs are then run through a mill which breaks them up about as fine as tea leaves. The product is put up in pastboard boxes or in canvas bags. The proprietor said the demand for yerba mate was unlimited and steadily increasing.

We drove back to town through a heavy rain that continued all that night and the next day.

The next morning between rains I took several walks through the town and down to the river, seeing peach trees bearing both fruit and blossoms, orange trees the same, forest trees covered with beautiful pink blossoms, and in the yards and ~~and~~^p abundance of Bougainvillea and poinsettia, roses, dahlias, and other flowers. In the afternoon I went to bed early to ~~get~~^{get} warm.

On the night of the 10th and all the next day there was a steady downpour of rain and the streets were like rivers. I ventured out with an umbrella and purchased a pair of rubbers. I tried to buy some Paraguayan money without success. I stopped in the barroom in the basement of the hotel. Here I had a glass of beer, rested, and studied the mural decorations. The artist had painted on every available square foot of space comical caricatures of various kinds. In the space above the entrance door was a picture representing "Uncle Sam," with sharp predatory features, tall hat covered with dollar signs, and the tentacles of an octopus reaching out and grasping the countries of South America. I asked the barkeeper whether the artist who painted

(1924)

~~E-1418~~ 1397

the wall decorations was Spanish, French, or Italian. He shook his head, "No, Señor, he was a German."

In the afternoon I crossed the Parana in a small ferry to Encarnacion on the other side in Paraguay, and was driven in a dilapidated carriage to the Metropolitan Hotel, which the driver assured me was the best in town. It was a one-story brick structure, one room deep around a court, like barracks. The rooms were small and separated from each other by thin board partitions, and were very dirty. Although it was still raining steadily I walked out in search of a bank and found one. After much argument the staff of the bank consented to exchange Paraguayan money for a traveller's check. This was one of the few places in the world where there was any hesitation in accepting such checks.

(1924)

E-1422-1331

The train left Encarnacion at 7.30 a.m. and all day we rode through a beautiful country of low wooded mountains, open valleys, and clear mountain streams. The woods appeared to be rather dense with tropical undergrowth and scattered about were tall, graceful trees with whitish smooth trunks and umbrella or fan shaped heads that towered high above the surrounding growth. Along the margins of the woods were many wild orange trees loaded with golden fruit. Aside from these distinguishing features of the forest the country looked much like the Shenandoah Valley region in Virginia. The railway stations and villages were far apart and the country between was generally unsettled. *P* Attached to our train was a special coach filled with officials from Buenos Ayⁱres and Montevideo on their way to Asuncion to attend the inauguration of a new president. *P* We arrived at Asuncion at 9.30 p.m. I was fortunate enough to secure a taxi at the station because the city was crowded and facilities for strangers were inadequate. I was driven to several hotels in succession only to be told that every room and bed had been taken. The driver suggested the Paraguay Hotel, which was on the outskirts of the city. It was a large hotel, ~~fully~~ decorated with ^{many} flags. When I inquired at the office the clerk said that all rooms had been reserved for diplomatic guests and he wanted to know if I had a reservation. I acknowledged that I had no reservation, but I assured him that I was on a diplomatic mission for the government of the United States of America and must therefore insist upon my diplomatic rights and have a room assigned to me, whereupon I displayed my special passport~~e~~ and pointed to the official seal and signatures. It worked, and after a moment's hesitation I was shown to a room in an annex.

The next morning, August 10, I walked to the office and

(1924)

~~E--1423~~. 1332

residence of the American Consul, Mr. Wilson, whom I found to be exceptionally ^{well} informed. Both he and his wife expressed themselves as being very desirous of leaving Paraguay. They did not like Asuncion, which is a thousand miles from nowhere and the summers are excessively hot. They were living in a very comfortable two story brick house, built after plans furnished by a previous American Consul, and it was surrounded by a large yard with trees and flowers. From Mr. Wilson I learned that all public offices closed at 11 a.m. so that I could not hope to meet any of the officials that day. At a British bank I was able to purchase some Paraguayan money at the rate of 55 pesos for one dollar.

In the afternoon I walked the streets and took some photographs of public buildings and parks. Asuncion has many old houses that date from the early colonial days. I noticed many young women on the streets without stockings, and some of them without shoes. While waiting for a street car I noticed two well dressed ladies, wearing both stockings and shoes. One of them noticed that her new shoes were dusty. She lifted up her foot, removed a shoe, wiped it on her skirt, and replaced it; and the same for the other shoe.

1864-1871
of 1867-1872

Referring to the great war in which Paraguay was attacked by Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, and that lasted seven years, Mr. Wilson said that the Paraguayan men died fighting rather than surrender and after the three enemy nations withdrew from the struggle to conquer and divide the country between them most of the men of Paraguay had been killed and of the entire population only about fifteen per cent were males, and these were old and disabled men or young boys. This made it necessary for the women to do much of the heavy work formerly done by their men. Men were at a premium and remained so up to the present time.

(1924)

~~E-1424~~ 1333

Not only did the women learn to do men's work, but they also acquired some of their habits, such as smoking cigars.

The cigars of Paraguay were of excellent quality and very cheap. This was accounted for by the fact that many years ago the government employed some Cuban tobacco experts to teach the growing of Havana tobacco and the making of cigars, and ever since the same kind of tobacco has been grown and the cigars made from it are quite as good as any to be had in Cuba.

From reading and conversation I learned that Paraguay was originally inhabited by the Guarani Indians who mixed freely with the Spanish Conquistadores, making an exceptionally good blend, the Guaranies being comely and, unlike most Indians, light hearted and gay, although fierce fighters in time of war. The people seen on the streets of Asuncion smile and laugh more than in the cities and towns of Argentina where solemnity and dignity are the rule. The Guarani language is still the native language of the country, although Spanish is the official language of the courts and cities. It is said that Guarani is capable of as many fine distinctions and shades of meaning and as difficult to learn as Greek. I was often struck by the marked resemblance of some of the peasant women to Chinese. When seen at a little distance the shape of their heads and the color of their faces make one first think of Chinese.

On the 14th, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, I visited various government offices, including the Agricultural Bank, to interview the officials concerning agricultural conditions in Paraguay and to obtain copies of such reports as were available. I found the Department of Agriculture to consist of one minister, an elderly gentleman, and one assistant, seated in two poorly furnished rooms. Their official hours were from 7 to 11 a.m.,

(1924)

~~E-1425.~~ 1334

the remainder of the day being occupied with private business. Apparently the real work of promoting agriculture was done by the Agricultural Bank, which had an agricultural promotion division under a very capable young gentleman, Sr. Bertoni. He was very helpful and was kind enough to loan me the manuscript of his annual report which contained much of the information I was seeking. He said it was exceedingly difficult to estimate the area and production of crops because a real census had never been taken of agriculture and livestock in Paraguay, most of the agricultural production was in small patches and the greater portion was held by the growers for their own consumption, and there was no regular or seasonal market. As an illustration, he said that each farmer might have a small patch of cotton, of tobacco, of peanuts, and of other things, but none of them knew the areas in the different crops. At the proper time the crops were harvested and stored in sheds or in the attics of houses. The family would use the supply as needed, and when money or goods at a store was needed the farmer, or more often his wife, would take a sack of cotton or bale of tobacco on the back of a donkey to the nearest village for sale or exchange. Because of this custom no one could estimate just how much cotton or tobacco was held by the growers at any given time. He said that his division was trying to introduce better seed and better farm practices and he believed they were making some progress, especially with borrowers from the bank over whom they could exercise some coercion, but it was slow work because the farming population was generally illiterate. In the semitropical climate of Paraguay they could make enough to live without much exertion and they were quite contented to follow the routine of their ancestors.

(1924)

E-1426. 1335

Inasmuch as all offices closed at 11 a.m. I followed the custom of the country by taking a long siesta after luncheon. Then I explored portions of the city, including the wharves along the river and a large fruit and vegetable market where I saw the first ripe peaches of the season.

On the 15th the new president was inaugurated with much pomp and ceremony, and, fortunately, the customary and expected revolution did not occur. This and several following days were declared public holidays so that all public offices were closed the remainder of the week. I spent a portion of each day studying the material I had secured and in taking long walks in the cool of the evening.

On the morning of the 16th I took the train for a lakeside resort, San Bernadino (P), about a two hours run from Asuncion through a low and fairly level stretch of poor looking country, passing several small towns en route. The last half hour of the trip was near the western shore of a deep blue lake across which one could see low cliffs and hills covered with tropical trees. The passengers were taken across the lake in a small steamer. It was a pleasant boat ride and the scenery from the lake was very attractive. At this point the lake was several miles in width. On the other side was a beach, piers, boats and bathhouses. The town sloped up gradually from the beach and was almost hidden by the magnificent trees along the streets and in the yards. To the left ^{was a} ~~of the~~ rather nice little hotel ^{on} ~~was~~ a small hill and surrounded by ornamental grounds and flower gardens extending to a rather steep bank on the lakeside. ~~P~~I was given a pleasant room overlooking the lake. Although the sun shone hot at midday a pleasant breeze was blowing. The hotel was well filled and among the guests were several German families. The dining room

(1924)

~~E-1427~~

1936

was attractive and the food excellent. In the dining room I witnessed a little scene that has lingered in my memory ever since. It was simply a very old couple, so old and feeble as scarcely to be able to walk. Both seemed to be in their 90's. Both had snow white hair and their hands and faces were of the bleached, semitransparent whiteness of extreme old age, ~~and~~ Both tottered slightly as they walked with short uncertain steps to their table. The thing about them that attracted me and made such an impression was their mutual solicitude for each other, the manner in which they waited upon each other at the table, and the look of love, affection, and absolute trust and confidence in each other that shown in their faces when they rose from the table and arm in arm ~~they~~ passed slowly out of the room. Both were scrupulously attired ^{with} and a look of culture and gentle refinement in their faces, and so long had they lived harmoniously and affectionately together that they bore a strong resemblance to each other, much closer than that of many brothers and sisters. This evidence of strong and enduring love in extreme old age was a beautiful thing to see, the visible flower and fruit of a romantic idyl that so many people dream about but so few realize.

After a short walk through an interesting park where I had an opportunity to examine closely some of the curious ant hills that resemble a length of stove pipe and taking a snap shot of a comical little woolly donkey, I spent the remainder of the afternoon and evening studying and analyzing the material I had obtained in Asuncion.

The next day was Sunday and therefore a holiday for me as well as for the town. I was awakened in the morning by the blaring strains of a brass band on a small stand in the park. With but few short intermissions this band played all day. The mem-

(1924)

~~E-1428~~. 1937

bers of the band were characteristically German in appearance. I learned that San Bernadino had originally been settled by Germans.

After breakfast I took a long walk through the little town and some distance along a country road beyond. The houses were not of the typically Spanish type, but many of them were neat cottages. The streets were lined with trees that in many places met overhead. People, many of them obviously from the country, were gathering about the band stand in the park where little ^{booths} stand for serving food and beverages were set up. I followed the principal street beyond the town limits into its continuation as a country road that ran through a stretch of forest which was interesting to me because of the many strange trees and shrubs. H I met several ox teams pulling heavy ~~re~~ two-wheeled carts with families wearing their fiesta finery. The most interesting was a family of Indians. The cart was brought to a halt by the roadside. From it descended a middle aged-Indian couple, four daughters and several sons, six of them being young men and women and the two youngest a boy and a girl. The father sat on a stump near his oxen and lighted a cigar. The mother and her sons and daughters stepped to one side of the road and proceeded to disrobe and change to holiday attire. They did this quite as a matter of course and no apparent diffidence when they saw a stranger pass near them. Needless to say this group of Indians and the half naked specimens of feminine beauty, for they were well formed and fully developed, were objects of much interest to the passing stranger. Much as I wanted to take a snap shot picture of the group I could not bring myself to invade their privacy, and so passed by pretending not to see what was going on.

(1924)

~~B-1429~~. 1338

When I returned to the park I found a tournament in progress. At each end of an open space an arch, decorated with leaves and flowers, had been erected, and from ~~the~~ ^{its} center of ~~each~~ a ring was suspended by a cord. At a distance of a hundred yards or more was a group of horsemen in picturesque costumes each bearing a slender pole, pointed at the forward end ^{and} borne like a lance. At a signal these knights took turns in racing their horses underneath the arches and attempting to thrust their lances through the rings. Those who succeeded won a prize. In the afternoon I looked up a cabinet maker from whom I purchased several canes and a collection of small samples of the beautiful native woods of Paraguay.

I left San Bernadino in the late afternoon, rather regretfully because it was a beautiful and interesting spot. Near a small village en route was a large crowd of young people who were dancing, racing horses, and playing football. When the train stopped the crowd came running in to get seats. They were in high good humor. Most of them were barefooted and carrying shoes in their hands. As we entered the outskirts of Asuncion these holiday makers put their shoes on so that they could enter the city in style.

On Monday, the 18th, I visited the American Consul, the postoffice for stamps, the engineering department of the government for information concerning public lands, and the agricultural bank. In the afternoon I drove several miles out to the Botanical Garden, where I met the Director, Dr. Viborg, who had been in correspondence with some of my colleagues in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and was very cordial. His, office, laboratory, and residence were in a picturesque two-story building that had been erected by a former dictator for the accommodation of his mistress.

(1924)

~~E-1430.~~ 1929

It was surrounded by beautiful trees and masses of shrubbery and vines. Dr. Viborg accompanied me over the park and grounds, which were quite extensive. In addition to a section in which were growing various plants introduced from other regions and countries a large part of the park was kept in its natural state so that one could see the characteristic plant life of the region unchanged by the hand of man. He also explained certain experiments he was making with coffee and yerba mate plants in an effort to obtain better varieties and determine the effect of shade or lack of shade.

The following day, in company with the American Consul, we visited the Viticultural Office, the Engineering Department, and the Agricultural Bank, where I obtained additional information concerning the agricultural and other natural resources of Paraguay. In the afternoon I made a reservation with the steamship company for the return trip to Buenos Ayresⁱ by river boat. The agent refused to sell me a ticket until after my passport^e had been examined by the customs officials. At the Chamber of Commerce I inspected an exhibit of agricultural and manufactured products of the country. One of the interesting features of this exhibit was a display of beautiful laces made by hand. Not the least interesting feature of the exhibition was a relatively large number of exceptionally beautiful women visitors, many of them wearing shell combs and fine lace mantillas, shawls, and other garments of fine lace. They were shapely, graceful creatures, with black eyes and hair, white teeth, brilliant complexions, and smiling faces.

At the hotel in the evening a brilliant ball was given to the visiting diplomats and other high officials by the Brazilian Ambassador in honor of the newly installed President. Many of

(1924)

~~E-1431.~~ 1940

the men wore full dress uniforms, ^{most} ~~nearly~~ all of them ^{with} were decorations, and the ladies wore elegant gowns. In my plain clothes, a stranger without invitation, I felt much like an intruder.

On the 20th the sun came out with great power and the heat was oppressive. At the office of the shipping company I obtained my ticket for passage and my passport~~s~~ was returned to me. I visited a local barber shop and at another place purchased a supply of excellent cigars. I spent the evening with the American Consul and his wife, had an excellent supper with them, followed by a theater party and saw some good acting in a Spanish play.

The following morning at 8 a.m. I left on the steamer Lambare. The Paraguay River is broad ^{but} ~~by~~ very shallow in places, full of sandbars and islands, is fairly clear, but is said to be full of a small but very ~~&~~ ferocious fish with teeth like those of a shark that enable them to cut and tear the flesh of animals that venture into the water. In many places the sandbars and mud banks of the river were covered with small alligators that looked like so many pieces of driftwood, but which became animated and slid into the water when the boat approached within a certain distance. On the eastern side of the river the country was hilly, covered with forest and jungle, with an occasional clearing and farm. The country on the western ^{or Chaco} ~~side~~ was flat and almost entirely covered with forest. ^P The boat stopped at several small river landings to take on oranges for the Buenos Ayres market. At one of these landings were several train loads of oranges piled in a golden windrow along the river bank awaiting shipment. Near each of these landings could be seen groups of women with bare legs and arms with washing, beating and wringout garments. At one of the landings a man came aboard with an armful of beautiful canes made of native woods, of which I bought two to add to my collection

(1924)

~~E-1432~~ 1341

When I returned to my cabin in which I had a berth I found three other passengers. The four of us with our baggage occupied every inch of space.

The second day was now cloudy and cool and I spent most of the time on the upper deck watching the scenery go by and the skillful navigation of the boat to avoid stranding. Several times the boat slid up on a hidden sandbar, but always managed to back off without damage. For hours at a time a member of the crew measured the depth of the water, calling out the figures to the pilot above. For hours at a time the bottom of the boat was only a few inches above the bottom of the channel. This narrow margin and the possibility of being stranded kept life interesting to the passengers. The river flows ^{for} through hundreds of miles through a wilderness without a sign of human habitation or cultivated fields.

I formed the acquaintance of a lank but rugged looking middle-aged gentleman who said he had come to Paraguay many years previously from England. He was evidently an educated man. I asked him if he had prospered and he replied that after years of hardship and privation he was no better off then when he came. He said he brought with him [£]10,000 with which to buy land and cattle. He exchanged it for Paraguayan pesos at the prevailing rate of exchange. Within a few months came one of the periodic revolutions that beset the country and the exchange value of pesos fell to less than twenty per cent of their former value. In other words, he lost 80 per cent of his capital by this turn of events. With the remaining sum he bought land in the Chaco west of the river and a small herd of native cattle and for many years had seen them gradually increase in numbers in spite of many setbacks. Recently his wife had died, leaving him with five small children

(1924)

~~E-1433~~ 1342

whom he was taking with him on his first visit to England since he left it many years ago. In spite of the fact that he was bound for his home land he seemed to be permeated with sadness. I saw his brood of children, four girls and a boy, obviously halfbreed, shy and wild. Evidently in the Chaco their father had become a squaw man and I began to understand the cause of his sadness.

I was reminded of an account I read in one of the Argentine papers of a highly educated and cultured university man from England who became involved in some kind of trouble, left ~~in~~ suddenly, came to Argentina and sought seclusion in the Chaco. There he lived with a young Indian woman who became the mother of several children. Both she and the children loved him dearly and he had a strong affection for them. The story went on to relate how the time came when his longing to return to his own country and people became almost overpowering and how he was torn between this longing and his affection for the little family that loved and trusted him and for which he was responsible; and how on one occasion his longing to return to his ~~own~~ own people became so strong that he slipped away and rode to the nearest town with the intention of never returning, but was so overcome with remorse that he did return to the little family and became sadly resigned to the life he had so rashly chosen, which became for him a lifelong tragedy.

As we proceeded southward the weather became clearer and colder and to keep warm I wore two suits of winter underclothing, and a heavy winter suit of outer clothing, and a heavy overcoat. The river broadened somewhat but continued shallow and full of sandbars and islands. The character of the country remained much the same, wooded hills to the east and a flat wooded country to the west, with few signs of human settlements.

I formed the acquaintance of an interesting young couple who had served two years as missionaries at a small town in Paraguay and were returned^y_A to headquarters in San Francisco. They represented some sort of an interallied mission to which several Protestant denominations contributed. He was clearly of Jewish descent, but his little wife was clearly American.. I had many interesting conversations with them and they seemed glad to talk with any one from the United States. In answer to questions they said they had met with much opposition at first. Their first unpleasant experience ^d was at Encarnacion with the customs officials on the Paraguayan side of the river. The little missionary wife was extremely indignant when she described how a fat Paraguayan woman who seemed to be in charge of the customhouse had insulted her and directed the inspectors to throw their things out. The examination was in the open in front of an old ramshackle building in which the officials presumably had their headquarters. She and her husband had to stand up and see their precious belongings, all they had in the world, taken out of the trunk and suitcases, roughly handled and thrown contemptuously in the mud underfoot. Tears came into the eyes of the little woman as she told how a set of China that had belonged to her mother was thrown piece by piece on the ground and broken to fragments.

On arrival at their destination they were assigned to a shed made of brick and thatched with palm leaves. There they set up housekeeping and began their missionary labors with the Indian servants and laborers of the vicinity. They met with opposition from the local priest and were treated with contempt by the better class of people.

I asked the missionary just what he and his wife did, just how he proceeded to win converts. "Why, he said, "we had Bible

readings and song service three times a week and twice on Sundays at which we served light refreshments to the poor creatures who came to us seeking the Lord." *P* I asked if he and his wife understood Spanish. He replied that they understood not a word when they first came and that after two years residence they understood it a little. *P* I asked what language was spoken by the people among whom they worked. He replied "Guarani." *P* "And did you and your wife know Guarani," I asked. He admitted they had learned only a few words of that difficult language. *P* "Were those Bible readings, song services, and prayer meetings you spoke of in Guarani, Spanish, or English," I asked. "In English, of course," he answered, "because we had no translations."

P "Did any of those Guarani parishioners of your^s understand English?" I asked. "Certainly not," he replied, "you see we were pioneers in the field," and this was said with a slight show of impatience.

P "Perhaps I am a little slow of comprehension," I said, "but I do not see just how a Guarani Indian who understood neither Spanish nor English could understand what you read and said in English when you could neither translate nor explain in Guarani what you were saying. I don't see how you expected to get the divine message across." "It is very simple," said the missionary. "You see the Spirit of God interpreted the message to him." *P* "No, I don't see," I said; "I should like to hear one of your Guarani's version of your message that God's Spirit interpreted to him. I strongly suspect that the one thing he understood was the refreshments you said you provided." "No, no, that could not be," he replied; "that is the suggestion of the carnal mind prompted by the devil." *P* At which I had to smile, but checked my impulse to laugh on seeing the look of distress on the wife's face. To mollify them I said gently, "Well, you may be right, of

readings and song services three times a week and twice on Sunday at which we served light refreshments to the poor creatures who came to us seeking the Lord. I asked if he and his wife understood Spanish. He replied that they understood not a word when they first came and that after two years residence they understood it a little. I asked what language was spoken by the people among whom they worked. He replied "Guarani." "And did you and your wife know Guarani," I asked. He admitted they had learned only a few words of that difficult language. "Were those Bible readings, song services, and prayer meetings you spoke of in Guarani, Spanish, or English," I asked. "In English, of course," he answered, "because we had no translations." "Did any of those Guarani parishioners of yours understand English?" I asked. "Certainly not," he replied, "you see we were pioneers in the field," and this was said with a slight show of indignance. "Perhaps I am a little slow of comprehension," I said, "but I do not see just how a Guarani Indian who understood neither Spanish nor English could understand what you read and said in English when you could neither translate nor explain in Guarani what you were saying. I don't see how you expected to get the divine message across." "It is very simple," said the missionary. "You see the Spirit of God interpreted the message to him." "No," I don't see," I said; "I should like to hear one of your Guarani's version of your message that God's Spirit interpreted to him. I strongly suspect that the one thing he understood was the refreshments you said you provided." "No, no, that could not be," he replied; "that is the suggestion of the evil mind prompted by the devil." At which I had to smile, but checked my impulse to laugh on seeing the look of distress on the wife's face. To mollify them when I said gently, "Well, you may be right, or

course; I would not question your sincerity or criticise your good work; only, it seems to me in my ignorance of such things, that whatever good you accomplished among those ignorant people was not so much from anything you said or sang or wished or prayed for as it was the example of your daily life of selfsacrifice and unselfish devotion to their interests." I was instantly rewarded by a look of warm appreciation from the little wife and the set expression on his husband's face relaxed.

In the course of conversation I referred to the revolution that had broken out in Paraguay some months previously and had been suppressed. The missionary said the revolutionists were simply bands of marauders that went about pillaging and plundering small towns and villages, carefully avoiding encounters with state troops. He said he had been informed that their method of procedure was to select an agreeable site for a camp with water and wood and within easy reach of a town. From the neighboring farmers they levied tribute in the form of horses, beef cattle, vegetables and fruit, usually without any pretense of payment. Then a small but well armed band would enter the town, call upon the mayor, and the spokesman would explain that the "general" had instructed them to notify his honor that within 48 hours his troops would take possession of the city unless within that time his requisition for a specified number of pesos, kilos of yerba mate, sugar, flour, and other supplies, together with so many girls and women between the ages of twelve and forty, were delivered to the "army." Usually these requests were complied with because the spokesman always represented the "army" to be much more numerous than the male population of the town, resistance appeared useless, and refusal and unsuccessful resistance would lead to atrocious and disastrous results. *P* He said that

(1924)

~~E-1457.~~ 1346

in the last "revolution" as the marauders drew nearer to the town in which he lived and rumors of their atrocities and approach became more numerous and specific, the few Europeans in the town got together and decided to organize resistance. They took a hasty inventory of the able-bodied men and women, the number of firearms and other arms, the quantity of food and ammunition available, took measures to increase their supply, organized their forces so that every individual would know exactly what to do if the town was attacked, and waited for the enemy. When the "army" finally drew near and established itself in camp and an armed committee called on the mayor, and the spokesman had enumerated the supplies and number of girls the town was to furnish, the mayor listened quietly, touched a buzzer that had been installed on his desk, and a sergeant ^{threw} ~~through~~ open a door and disclosed a battalion of armed men. The mayor ordered the sergeant to arrest the bandit committee, disarm them, and put them in prison as hostages, except the spokesman, who was to be conducted to the outskirts and released with instructions to tell his "general" that unless he and his band of robbers and cut-throats decamped within twenty-four hours they would be attacked by a superior force prepared to shoot them down on sight like the dogs they were. Such a reception and such a message were so unusual and so unexpected and so outside the rules of the game that the "army" broke camp that night and departed.

I asked the missionary if he joined in organizing for resistance and if there had been a fight would he have joined in defending his wife and the wives and daughters of other men. He replied indignantly, "Certainly." I said that I did not wish to seem impertinent or disrespectful, but I would like to know how he would reconcile such conduct with the Word of God and the

teachings of Jesus Christ who preached meekness, humility, long-suffering, nonresistance, and turning the other cheek. "Why," he responded, "resistance to the devil and all his evil works is not only justified by the Word of God, and those bandits were devils in human form, but we, the children of God, are God's soldiers to fight his battles on earth." "Very good," I said, "I am glad to hear one soldier of the Lord speak up in that spirit, because I feel the same way about it, only I thought I was wrong. Perhaps if all Christians had the same militant spirit and were willing to fight for what they believed to be ~~w~~right against what they believed to be wrong, righteousness might more often prevail against evil, the powers of darkness, and diabolical injustice." Whereat we became very good friends.

The third day after leaving Asuncion we passed the junction of the Paraguay and Parana Rivers and a short stop was made at Corrientes where my friend, Sr. Patroni, and his wife came aboard. From this point southward the river became broader, deeper, and more turbid.

We reached Rosario early the next morning. The weather was cold and cloudy. All day we steamed down the broad river, a river larger than the Mississippi, passing many islands, and a number of towns on the right bank. During the afternoon we were running through narrow channels between numerous poplar covered islands of the Delta. Darkness came just before we reached the broad La Plata. Late in the evening we sighted the glare of the electric lights of Buenos Ayres, which was reached at midnight and too late to pass customs, so we had to spend a fourth night on the boat. I was much disappointed at having to spend another night in a small crowded cabin with three other men, when I was so near to wife and family and the comforts of home.

(1924)

~~E-1439.~~ 1348

In the morning I was up early and was one of the first to pass customs, caught a taxi, and reached home in time for breakfast with the family. So ended a most interesting trip.

A bath, change of clothing, and a day spent in reading an accumulation of correspondence and newspapers, was an agreeable change from the discomforts of travel. During the next few days I was busy with correspondence, getting snapshot photographs developed, with preparing an estimate of the cotton production of South America for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and in preparing an address for the forthcoming International Congress of Social Economy. On the last day of the month I was the guest of Dr. Urien and his section leaders and field inspectors at a restaurant luncheon, which was a very agreeable affair.

On the first day of September I met Mr. O'Grady, the American insurance agent, who was much wrought up over a recent marine accident. He said that a passenger ship of an American line on preparing to dock in the narrow port had bumped against the side of an Italian ship. The damage was slight, not more than \$5,000, according to the marine engineer employed by the insurance company to estimate the damage, the Italian ship being old, rotten, and in bad shape generally. The Italian line had immediately had their vessel put in dry dock and proceeded to make all sorts of repairs at the expense of the American line. The American liner was not permitted to leave port on her regular sailing date until the company should deposit \$450,000. Mr. O'Grady said it was useless to protest against this ruling because the judge was an Italian and it was generally understood that Americans had no standing in court. When Mr. O'Grady learned that I was soon to go to Brazil he offered to lend me his moving picture camera. Calling at the Department of Agriculture I was presented with

(1924)

E--1440. 1349

a large collection of picture postcards of scenes in Argentina.

On the 7th I prepared a special report on Paraguayan cotton for the U.S. Department of Agriculture. I noted that spring flowers were beginning to appear. Began reading "El Supremo," a romance of the time of Dr. Francia's dictatorship in Paraguay, which was of special interest to me because of my visit to that country. Also I began drafting a detailed report on Paraguay.

With my family I visited the annual livestock show on the 9th. At the Department of Agriculture I was given a special collection of 180 lantern slides of Argentine subjects that had been made up for my use.

On the morning of the 11th I boarded the "Pan America" bound for Rio de Janeiro. My family came aboard to see me off. It was a cloudy, gloomy day, and the river was rough. We arrived in the harbor of Montevideo at night. We left the next day with strong winds and high waves, which lasted until the 15th when we reached Santos in the early morning.

En route I had formed the acquaintance of a Mr. and Mrs. Lowns of New York. We came together in the office of the American Consul, Mr. Goodenough, who invited us to take luncheon with him at the American Club. The luncheon was an enjoyable one and we obtained much information concerning the coffee industry of Brazil and the great export business of Santos. Among other dishes at the luncheon we had fried oysters rolled in cracker crumbs that were delicious. The native oysters, cooked, were no larger than peas, but small as they were they had the true oyster taste.

Mr. Lowns and his wife planned to go to San Paulo by automobile over the scenic highway and asked me to accompany them. I accepted the invitation with the understanding that I should be able to return to Santos that evening. We left at 2 p.m.

(1924)

E-1441. / 250

in a new Hudson car and a young Brazilian driver procured for us by the Consul. For a few miles we drove over a flat section covered with banana plantations on both sides of the road. Then we came to the foot of the mountain range that borders the east coast of Brazil and rises abruptly from the sea. Within a few miles the road climbs to the summit of the divide, ~~at~~ 2,500 to 3,000 feet above the sea, is very narrow, has many sharp curves, and in places one can look down a sheer drop of a thousand feet or more. It is characteristic of young Brazilian chauffers to drive their machines at full speed in apparent reckless disregard of possible consequences. This one was no exception. He sent his powerful machine up the steep incline at full speed, swinging around sharp curves on two wheels, missing jutting rocks on one side or concrete posts on the other by only a hair's breadth. I found myself instinctively bracing every muscle and nerve and concentrating my attention on the road, the driver, and the behavior of the machine, rather than looking out and enjoying the surpassing view of mountain and sea. Glancing backward I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Lowns were sitting rigidly in their seats with pale faces and a look of apprehension in their eyes. Mrs. Lowns called to me to ask the driver to slow up, and the request was repeated by her husband. I shouted to the driver in Spanish, "You are going too fast, too fast; slow up, go slower." He slackened his speed from sixty to forty kilometers, but this moderate speed lasted for only a few minutes. At each short stretch of road free from sharp curves he would again speed up to 60, 70, or even 80 kilometers, and again my hosts would appeal to me to try to get him to go slower. But the chauffeur was incorrigible and after momentarily complying with my request he would forget about it and resume his breakneck speed. But the speed upgrade was

moderate compared with our flight down grade after we crossed the divide and a broad smooth road stretched out in front of us. I watched with fascinated eyes the needle of the speedometer climb rapidly from 60 kilometers to 7⁰₀, to 80, to 90, and almost to 100, then 100, and then something over. At this speed we were soon entering São Paulo and had seen little of the intervening country or scenic highway. I remarked that it was a thrilling ride, if nothing else. The lady replied that it was "horrifying," and that she was utterly exhausted. Mr. Louns ~~remarked~~ ^{said} that he would not take that ride again for "any money."

As near as I could judge from fleeting glimpses the country between the crest of the coast range and São Paulo is hilly and was mostly covered with scrub brush. At several points en route the brush was being converted into charcoal in precisely the same manner that it has been done for thousands of years around the Mediterranean. At several places the magnificent new road passed between heavy posts where the road can be closed by gates or bars or chains when necessary.

We found São Paulo to be a sprawling, new, unfinished city, but with parks and efforts at landscaping, and many new buildings of modern design were under construction. We were especially interested in the evidences of fighting between the insurrectionists and the national troops. Windows of the cathedral and of public and private buildings were shattered, doors were splintered, and brick walls had been peppered with bullets. Gangs of workmen were even then painting out the bullet marks and repairing damages in a strenuous effort to obliterate all traces of the conflict.

I could have had a free ride back to Santos in the automobile, but like my friends I had had enough thrills for one day.

(1924)

~~E--1443.~~ 1332

The ride back on the train was much more enjoyable. I regretted that darkness fell before we made the abrupt descent from the divide to Santos. However, it was a beautiful sight to see the lights of Santos and of the shipping in the harbor below us.

The next forenoon I spent an hour or more with the consul. Then I explored a portion of the city and climbed the high hill on the edge of town from which one has a fine view of the city and harbor. After luncheon on board ship I took a long siesta and when I awoke we were passing out to sea.

On ~~February~~ September 17 we entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro in the morning and docked while eating breakfast. I went to the Hotel Estrangeros which I liked for the enormous fig trees in front and the view of an avenue of lofty royal palms and of Corcovado Mountain beyond. In the afternoon I visited both the American Consul and the Commercial Attache whose offices were in separate buildings but in the same block. From them I obtained information about the agricultural and economic situation of Brazil, and the promise of appointments with officials of the department of agriculture.

Incidentally I learned that both offices, that of the Consul and of the Commercial Attache, were having difficulty in avoiding duplication and interference with each other's work. Both had legal authority and instructions to do precisely the same class of work, both continued to receive identical requests for the same information from the State Department and the Department of Commerce at Washington, and sometimes a third request for the same information from the Department of Agriculture, and both offices would set about collecting the same information from the same governmental offices and private establishments, with the result that these sources of information would become

(1924)

~~E-1444.~~ 1363

exasperated at receiving requests for the same information from two ~~branches~~ branches of the U.S. government. It was also exasperating to both the Consul and the Commercial Attache who tried to avoid duplication of work and difficulties by exchanging reports and notifying each other of special requests involving inquiry and research. Some months before my arrival both offices had received urgent requests from the Departments of State, Commerce, and Agriculture at Washington for a detailed and comprehensive report on the Brazilian cotton industry. Because the cotton industry was important both offices detailed a man to devote his entire time to making the report and both had been working steadily but independently on it for months, each duplicating the work and the information of the other. By this time each office had learned what the other was doing, and both were profoundly disgusted.

The next day I had a long interview with the Commercial Attache about conditions in Brazil and that he had arranged for an interview the following day with the Minister of Agriculture. At the appointed time I had a very satisfactory interview with the Minister who assured me that any information in the department would be made available to me. The same afternoon I had interviews with the Chief of the Extension Division (Fomento) and the chief of the newly organized Cotton Division, both of whom explained the organization and work of their offices and loaded me down with reports and bulletins.

The next day was a holiday and all I was able to accomplish was to obtain from the Police Department a permit to travel in Brazil.

The following day was Sunday, and after some sightseeing I joined Mr. and Mrs. Lowns at the Catablanca Hotel and had supper with

1924

exaggerated at receiving requests for the same information from two branches of the U.S. Government. It was also exaggerating to both the Consul and the Commercial Attache who tried to avoid duplication of work and difficulties by exchanging reports and notifying each other of special requests involving inquiry and research. Some months before my arrival both offices had received urgent requests from the Departments of Justice, Commerce, and Agriculture at Washington for a detailed and comprehensive report on the Brazilian cotton industry. Because the cotton industry was important both offices detailed a man to devote his entire time to making the report and both had been working steadily but independently on it for months, each duplicating the work and the information of the other. By this time each office had learned what the other was doing, and both were profoundly disgusted.

The next day I had a long interview with the Commercial Attache about conditions in Brazil and that he had arranged for an interview the following day with the Minister of Agriculture. At the appointed time I had a very satisfactory interview with the Minister who assured me that any information in the department would be made available to me. The same afternoon I had interviews with the Chief of the Extension Division (Economic) and the Chief of the newly organized Cotton Division, both of whom explained the organization and work of their offices and loaded me down with reports and petitions.

The next day was a holiday and all I was able to accomplish was to obtain from the Police Department a permit to travel in Brazil.

The following day was Sunday, and after some sightseeing I joined Mr. and Mrs. Brown at the Galapagos Hotel and had supper with

(1924)

~~E-1445. 7353~~ 1354

them. It was an excellent hotel facing the ocean with a fine beach extending around a bay for several miles.

I spent several days in interviewing officials in the Ministry of Agriculture and the Census Office and in checking up on the information I had received from the Consul and the Commercial Attache. The main portion of the Ministry of Agriculture was located in a substantial and artistic building erected by the State of São Paulo for the International Exposition of 1923. Later when I returned to Washington I suggested to the Secretary of Agriculture that one ~~way~~ ^{way} to acquire suitable quarters for the department would be for the United States to hold an international exposition in Washington, erect some temporary buildings of a permanent character out of the appropriation for ^{and} the exposition, after the show was over proceed to occupy them. At that time, of course, most of the department was housed in widely scattered rented buildings most of which were wholly unsuited for office or laboratory purposes.

On September 28 I left Rio de Janeiro ^{by train} at 7.15 a.m. for São Paulo, arriving at 7 p.m. The all-day ride was over a rough road through valleys and between mountains, coffee and banana plantations. The effects of the fourth ^{month} ~~year~~ of continuous drouth were visible on every side. It was a long, tiresome, dusty, hot, ride, rendered all the more disagreeable by the fact that the train was badly crowded, and in my compartment was a family with numerous children and the parents objected to having the window open. The children ate greedily of fruit and candy, got themselves mussy, became sick, and cried and whined all day. The railway trip from Rio to San Paulo should be a pleasant and interesting one when the train is not overcrowded and the weather not too hot. In 1924 the line had acquired a bad reputation because of the number of accidents.

(1924)

~~B-1440~~ 1255

In São Paulo I put up at the Hotel Esplanada. I called upon the Commercial Attache who, at my request, called up the railway office and ascertained that railway tickets could not be sold for the trip south to Montevideo or west to Corumba because the insurrectos still held the lines at certain points.

Through the good offices of the Commercial Attache I met Mr. ~~Wenckes~~ Honeycut, an American, of Minas Geraes, who had lived in Brazil many years and had written an excellent summary of the 1920 agricultural census. I called on the American Consul who said that conditions were much disturbed and rather precarious. This was confirmed by the president of the American Chamber of Commerce, whom I also met.

On the 30th I called on the Director of Agriculture of the State of São Paulo, who said that he would detail one of his staff to accompany me to the coffee region. The Director of Industry and Commerce was inclined to be rather reticent, but loaded me down with publications of his department. I spent the evening studying a commercial geography of Brazil in Portuguese. Portuguese is so similar to Spanish that I found I could read it readily with the aid of a pocket dictionary for occasional words; also that because of this similarity of the two languages I could converse fairly well with Brazilians.

On October 1st I obtained and read a recent report of a British financial commission concerning which I had seen many references to and extracts from in the Brazilian papers. At the office of the Commercial Attache I met a lady who accompanied me to a vocational school factory where articles of fine cabinet work were made of the beautiful hard woods of Brazil. Next I called at the State Department of Agriculture and met Mr. Hemphill, an American entomologist, who had been detailed to look after me.

(1924)

~~E-1447~~, 1356

I took luncheon with Prof. Honeycut of Minas Geraes; Mr. Bowers, of the United Press; Mr. Conner, the Commercial Attache; and Sr. Castilla, representing the recently organized British Cotton Company. In the evening I met a group of representatives of various American companies, all of whom talked freely of agricultural and business conditions in Brazil.

On the 2d I made the all-day trip from São Paulo to Riberon Preto in the heart of the coffee region, in company with Mr. Hemphill and at the expense and as the guest of the State of São Paulo. It was a hilly country and the narrow guage railway ran around the sides and slopes of these hills, most of which were entirely covered with coffee plantations. We passed many towns and villages. One of the towns was pointed out to me by Mr. Hemphill as having been settled by a colony of immigrants from our southern States who felt that they could not acquiesce in the results of the Civil War. It was this colony that had introduced and developed the growing of watermelons on a commercial scale. In the late afternoon our locomotive jumped the track and ploughed a great hole in the earth and nearly toppled over on its side, but not great damage was done and we were delayed only an hour.

Along the country roads we saw several of the native wagons with heavy solid wooden wheels and drawn by a long line of oxen. As these clumsy vehicles were dragged over the dirt roads the axles gave off a piercing shriek that could be heard almost as far as the whistle of the locomotive. I asked why the axles were not greased so as to reduce wear and friction and do away with the noise. Mr. Hemphill said it was the common belief of the natives that the oxen would not continue to pull the wagon unless they heard the familiar shriek of the axles.

On this day an endurance run of various makes of automobiles was under way over the country roads from São Paulo to Riberon Preto. Every effort had been made to clear the narrow road between the two cities, but through some oversight one of those oxen drawn wagons entered the highway. One of the automobiles met the caravan head on, the driver and several oxen were killed, and the machine was wrecked.

Because of this race we found Riberon Preto crowded and we had difficulty in finding a room in a cheap boarding house which we shared. After a rather disappointing supper we walked out on the streets, which were illuminated in honor of the automobile contest, where we saw several of the late arrivals, the drivers and machines being covered with a heavy layer of dust. We stopped in a general store to inquire for an automobile and driver for the following day and the proprietor sent out for a young man. While waiting for him I spied some dried skins which the proprietor said had been left with him for sale. From the lot I purchased the skin of a snake and of a small leopard (tigre) for a few cents.

The driver came in shortly and the bargaining between him and Mr. Hemphill began. It seemed there were two roads to the point we wished to reach, one direct, and the other by way of a third point which, of course, being two sides of a triangle, was much the longer. The young driver appeared not to be familiar with either road. He first named a price over the longer route. When asked to name a price for the shorter route he named a much higher price. Mr. Hemphill wished to take the shorter route and was willing to pay the same price as for the longer route, but could not see why he should be expected to pay more than that. But for some unknown reason that we could not fathom the young

man stubbornly refused to lower his price for the shorter route. Mr. Hemphill patiently drew a diagram on a piece of paper to demonstrate that it would take less time and cost less for gasoline, oil, and wear and tear on the machine, but to no purpose. Then the proprietor intervened and after much animated argument, gesticulations, swearing, ~~and~~ browbeating, and threats that we would find another driver who would take us for less, the young man sullenly consented to take us by the shorter route for the same price he asked for the longer route.

The next morning before breakfast I stepped out in the street to see what the little town looked like in the daylight. It was typically Spanish with a neat little park in the center and a few streets paved with cobble stones. My attention was attracted by the number of mongrel curs wandering about the streets. Just then the official dog catcher of the town appeared on the scene. He had a wagon with a wire inclosed top, pulled by a decrepit horse, and was armed with a long pole with a noose at the end of it. The morning's catch was represented by six woebegone and desperate curs inside the wire cage. As he came down the street a band of small boys ran shouting ahead of him. People ran out of their houses to catch or call in their dogs. Circumstantial evidence pointed strongly to the fact that the dog catcher was most unpopular and the atmosphere was distinctly hostile to him.

P I confess that my sympathies were with the dogs. Imagine the feelings of a dog, beloved member of a household, suddenly captured by a strange ogre and thrown ignominiously into a cage from which he could not escape, among other strange dogs, without breakfast, able to see his home and familiar street through the bars of his cage, and carted away to an unknown destination and fate. No wonder the poor wretches barked and howled with agony

(1924)

E--1450. 1339

in their faces and voices and leaped desperately and violently against the sides of their cage in their efforts to escape. Assuredly I felt like heading a rescue party; and yet I knew that the dog population of most towns was too large in proportion to the human population, that they were a nuisance, and should be thinned out. It seems to me, however, that the thinning out should be done with the pups before their eyes have opened or relationships are established with humanity and the great outer world.

We left at an early hour and drove over a dirt road through a hilly country of red clay soil, mostly covered with cutover timber and brush. Occasionally we passed plantations of ~~soffesxx~~ cotton. The stalks were being pulled up, piled, and burned. Some new land was being cleared and the brush was being burned, so that much of the time the atmosphere was hazy with smoke. The effects of four months of continuous drouth were visible. All the more delicate vegetation, such as grass and other herbaceous plants, ^{was} ~~were~~ shriv~~x~~led or dead.

We reached the great coffee plantation of Dumont in time for luncheon. It was under English management. There were many thousands of acres of coffee and sugar cane on the plantation. It had its own railway and railway repair shops, saw mills, factories, warehouses, stores, coffee yards and mills, and nurseries for propagating coffee plants. In the administrative offices were clerks who keep complete records of all operations, costs, shipments, sales, and profits. The manager and his family lived in a comfortable house of English pattern surrounded by a grove of magnificent cedro trees, which grow to large size and have leaves like the ailanthus tree. The wood of these trees resembles mahogany in color and luster. Our hosts were delightful people and made ^{us} ~~me~~ cordially welcome.

(1924)

~~E-1451~~, 1360

We drove through a similar stretch of country all the afternoon and just at sundown reached the great coffee plantation of Guatapara, where we spent the night. We were each assigned to a large room in a guest house which had been an old Brazilian mansion. It was situated on the brow of a hill with a good view over the surrounding country. Near by was the larger house of the Administrador, large warehouses and factories, an enormous concrete barn, and a village of more than 3,000 inhabitants, employes of the plantation. The plantation was twenty-five miles across and had its own private railway. We had supper in a large dining room with administrative employes of the company, all Brazilian Portuguese, and the fare was plentiful in quantity but poor in quality. It consisted of antepasto (pickled and cold meats and condiments), great quantities of spaghetti, boiled fish and boiled white potatoes, hard bread, and bananas.

The next morning we met the Administrador, a tall, lank Brazilian, who showed us with great pride the new concrete cow barn in which were 500 pure bred dairy cows. After inspecting this array of high priced animals and the latest mechanical devices for supplying them with feed and water and for removing the manure, and expressing my appreciation of this "maravilla," I inquired how much milk and butter the establishment produced. The Administrador looked at me with some surprise and answered "Oh, we don't milk the cows; we keep them only for the manure that is needed on the plantation." I asked why the company had gone to the expense of importing purebred dairy cattle when native scrub stock would have answered their purpose just as well. He replied that a list of purebred dairy cows looked much better than native stock in the printed prospectus which they used in Europe when they needed additional capital to finance their oper-

(1924)

~~E-1452~~ 1961

ations. Then I ventured to suggest the economy that might be effected by employing a Swiss, Dutch, or German dairyman to manage the cows and ship milk and butter to São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro., which could be done at a profit, and the manure would be a profitable byproduct. "But, Senhor," he objected, "this is a coffee hacienda and not a dairy establishment." Upon further questioning it appeared that not a single quart of milk or pound of butter was obtained from these 500 dairy cows and that neither of these products was consumed on the place. When I ventured to suggest the food value of milk and butter the Administrador replied that "We who are accustomed to olive oil and wine do not need milk and butter; we are not accustomed to it and do not like it." This is true for all Spanish American peoples, and of the Mediterranean peoples from which they are derived.

We next inspected an abandoned sugar mill, abandoned because it did not pay to operate it. Then a mandioca mill occupied our attention. Mandioca is the Spanish and Portuguese name for manioc or cassava. It is an upright growing plant with a leaf much like the leaf of a castor bean plant and the edible part is a cluster of tuberous roots. Near the mill were several large fields of this plant. It is very prolific and enormous quantities of tubers are obtained from an acre, much more than the quantity of potatoes obtainable from the same area. The tubers are dug, washed, steamed, and run between rollers to crush them to a pulp, which is then dried and ground. The product is a fine snow-white flour, similar in every respect to potato flour or starch. *¶* Then we were driven several miles through a brushy country to a small railway station where I saw one of the government coffee warehouses in which all the coffee from the contributory territory must be stored. A placard on the wall of the

(1924)

~~E--1453.~~ 1362

station ~~stationx~~ listed the coffee plantations served by it, the area and production of each, and the quantity each plantation was permitted to ship monthly from that station. This was part of the valorization scheme that Brazil had adopted to regulate the flow of coffee to the markets of the world. The advocates of this scheme filled the press with propaganda in favor of it, but it was generally unpopular with the planters who had financial obligations to meet and were prevented from marketing their product when and where they pleased. At that time Brazil was producing from ~~xxxxxxx~~ 12 to 16 million bags of coffee annually out of a total world production of from 16 to 20 million bags. In later years the Brazilian production increased to over 20 million bags, an enormous surplus was accumulated, and to get rid of it the government had to resort to various measures, such as using it for fuel, making alcohol out of it, or simply dumping it into the sea. In 1924 the papers of Rio de Janeiro and Santos and São Paulo were full of protests from growers ~~protax~~ denouncing the system of government control as a failure.

We boarded a train and had luncheon at 3.30 en route. It was excessively dusty and hot, but the passing scenery was interesting because we were returning by a different route from the one by which we came. By this route we saw fewer coffee plantations, fewer towns, and more cutover brush land. We saw many forest trees covered with gorgeous blossoms, some azure blue and others a brilliant scarlet. We reached São Paulo in the evening and I enjoyed the luxury of a bath.

The next day was Sunday and I packed up for the trip to Santos. Mr. Hemphill came to my room with a specimen of what he called "Holy Cross wood," which he said was a vine and gets its

(1924)

~~E--1454.~~ 1969

name from the fact that a cross section shows a brown Maltese cross surrounded by white wood. *P*At his earnest solicitation and very reluctantly I accompanied him to the Presbyterian Mission Church, where I heard a service in Portuguese. Aside from the fact that the sermon was in Portuguese it was very tiresome. Unfortunately, repetition of the same statements and ideas, however interesting they may be at the first hearing, become extremely tiresome after repeated hearings. After my experience as a shorthand reporter in listening attentively to the sermons of preachers of nearly all denominations I came to know exactly what the preachers of each denomination were expected to say and were paid to say. After ~~xxxx~~ hearing and recording in shorthand these sermons several times I felt that I knew beforehand what they would say, and that if necessary I could say it equally well. So as soon as I heard that this was a Presbyterian church and heard the preacher announce his text, I was interested only in following his Portuguese translation of something I had heard many times before. However, my companion and other members of the congregation seemed to derive much satisfaction from the sermon. It was a fairly large church and the audience seemed to be made up of Americans and British residents. If it was sustained by its local membership for their own benefit I could not criticise, but if it was sustained by dollars from the United States and pounds sterling from Great Britain I could not but question its utility. The fact that it was called a "mission" church indicated that it was supported by contributions of Presbyterians in the home countries in the mistaken belief that they were thereby helping to save the lost souls of heathen in foreign lands. To me the whole effort and expenditure of money seemed utterly futile, because the "heathen" in this region were all good

(1924)

E--1455. 1964

Catholics, and surely catholicism is a part of the organization of Christianity. I could not see why, in the name of all that's holy, especially common human sense, or horse sense even, cannot all professed Christians unite into one militant universal church instead of wasting their energies in conflict over insignificant and hairsplitting definitions of no consequence or interest to any one except priests and preachers. All I could see in this mission church was a convenient place where groups of people who had joined the Presbyterian church in other countries could meet periodically for social intercourse.

After luncheon I took the train for Santos, but unfortunately could see little because of a dense fog. At Santos I took a room in a cheap hotel in order to keep within the modest per diem allowance of the great United States government at whose expense I was traveling. After supper I took a stroll down the main business street, but like all Latin American cities there was very little to be seen, the shop windows mostly being closed with metal shutters. ~~P~~ I had walked only a few squares when I became aware that a giant Irish hobo, or beach comber, was walking at my side and keeping pace with me. He was dressed in tattered clothing and his face was covered with a stubby growth of beard, ~~his face~~ was spotted and blotched with dissipation, and he smelled bad. When I slackened my pace he slackened his, and if I speeded up, he still kept pace with me. Seeing that he had attached himself to me I stopped. He smiled broadly and said, "Sure, you will give a friend enough to get a bite to eat and a place to sleep." ~~P~~ I did not like either his "approach" or his familiar manner, and instead of handing him some money and having an argument as to whether it was enough or not, because he was that kind, implying that I owed him something, I

(1924)

E--1456. 1965

said emphatically, "No, not to a big husky like you," and I turned abruptly at ~~a~~ a street corner and walked rapidly away, ~~th~~ thumping my cane as I went in a most determined manner. When I circled the block and came out on the main street again and turned towards my hotel, there was ^{the} my villainous looking hobo who immediately swung into step with me, chanting "It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But we always get there, me b'y." "Sure we do, and the good old song is worth a shilling," and I handed him the equivalent of that coin, and added as I turned into the entrance to my hotel, "Here's my Tipperary, you'd better be on your way to yours." I left him standing outside. ;

In the morning I purchased passage/for Buenos Ayres on the steamer "Van," which was reported to be a day late so that I could not leave until the following day. Near the steamship office I again encountered the Irish hobo who had annoyed me the evening before. He was a most disreputable looking object, but was very conciliatory on the crowded street in broad daylight as compared with his arrogant behavior on the deserted street at night. I felt that the tables were turned and said to him, "See here, you skunk, what did you mean by holding me up last night. I have a good mind to report you to the British Consul. Why don't you get a job and earn money of your own and be a man again." He said in a husky half whining voice that he had tried, but all the jobs were held by dagoes. He asked for the price of breakfast. I gave him the equivalent of ten cents, saying it would buy him a Brazilian breakfast, a roll and a cup of coffee.

In the afternoon I visited the Argentine Consul to see if the visée on my passport/ was in proper shape, again climbed the high hill near the city, purchased a supply of Brazilian cigars, which are excellent and cheap, and did some shopping.

(1924)

~~E-1457~~. 1366

The next morning, which was rainy and oppressively hot, I went aboard the boat and spent several hours typewriting correspondence. The ship left at 3.30^{pm.} and we were soon out on the heaving bosom of the blue ocean with the sun sinking in splendor behind the Brazilian coast range of mountains. I spent the evening in my cabin reading ^athe Portuguese commercial geography of Brazil.

On the 9th, following a hot day, it rained heavily during the night, and the next day a gale sprang up. The ship rocked badly and many of the passengers disappeared from public view. Fortunately I enjoy the animation of the sea and the elements, except the shrieking of the wind gets on my nerves. Among the passengers was the President of Paraguay who was returning from a visit of courtesy to Brazil ostensibly to foster a better understanding and good relations, but I suspect largely to increase his standing and prestige at home. President Hoover made the same sort of a courtesy-prestige visit to South America after he was elected.

We arrived at Montevideo on the 10th in the morning and left in the afternoon. The time was so short I did not go ashore. However, I took advantage of the opportunity to send a telegram to my wife so that she would know when to expect me.

The next morning we were eating breakfast when the ship entered the harbor. The port was so crowded that ships anchored side by side and passengers had to cross the decks of two other ships to reach the wharf. I was quickly passed by the customs officials and took a taxi home through the familiar streets of Buenos Ayⁱres and its suburbs. I found the family all well and in high spirits. The rest of the day was spent in shining up, unpacking, and reading accumulated correspondence and newspapers.

(1924)

~~E-1458~~. 1967

On the evening of Sunday, October 12, I attended the opening meeting of the International Congress of History and Geography, which to me was very dull and tiresome. It was held in a monumental and highly ornamental high school building with such poor acoustic properties that it was almost impossible to hear a speaker on the platform from a distance of twenty feet. Although I was an accredited delegate from the United States I had to pay for the identification card, the equivalent of five dollars. To reach the hall I had either to go to the city on the inter-urban and then cross the city in a reverse direction by tram car, or hire a taxi and go direct in less than half the time, but either way the expense came out of my pocket.

The next morning I went into the city to attend to various matters, and to return the moving picture camera to Mr. O'Grady. I had not used it on the Brazilian trip because at no time were the conditions favorable; either the sun was in the wrong direction, or it was too dark, or there was too much dust, so that I would not waste a film. It was heavy and a ~~most~~ nuisance to carry about. From this experience I concluded that the only way to use a moving picture camera to advantage and get satisfactory results was to have ample ~~time~~ leisure to pick time and place when conditions were favorable. With my vest pocket camera and high power lens I could take snap shots under almost any conditions of light or weather or from a moving train without thought of the expense and usually get good results, and the little pictures that pleased me could be enlarged to almost any size. .

In the afternoon I attended the Geographic Congress and sat with Mr. Styles of the Associated Press and an American representative of the Pennsylvania Geographic Society. The papers pre-

(1924)

E--1459-1368

sented were prepared and read by Argentineans and mostly related to the colonial history of some remote and obscure town of the country. It was exceedingly difficult to hear what was being read or said and the papers were very long, dry, and uninteresting. We three Americans found it hard to keep awake until one of us suggested that we should take turns paying attention, leaving the other two free to either take a nap or go outside to stretch his legs. Occasionally we carried on a whispered conversation about the heroic deeds of the plebeian ancestors of the present inhabitants of squash center Patagonia, as disclosed by the papers now being read. Had it not been for this form of relaxation and companionship the session would have been insupportable.

For several afternoons we attended these meetings from 2 p.m. to 6, 7, or even 8 p.m. All the papers related to local historical researches concerning unimportant communities, and were of interest only to the people living in those communities. Between times I was writing up my notes on Brazil and Uruguay.

On the 16th my wife's watch, rings, money, and other articles in her handbag disappeared from a bureau drawer in our sleeping room. The house had been full of visiting children during the day and it seemed extremely probable that they were responsible. Manuela, our Spanish servant, had been so devoted to us for many months that we could not suspect her. Our own adopted children professed ignorance, although I felt they were quite capable of connivance. Since several strangers and strange children had been admitted to the premises during the day it seemed useless to report the loss to the police, so we said nothing about it and charged it ^{up} to experience in a foreign country. However, our discrete questioning of our adopted children resulted in some rather indignant protests and expressions of enmity from some of

(1924)

E--1460. 1969

our neighbors whose children had been in the house the day the articles disappeared, from which it appeared that our children had discussed the matter with the other children, who mentioned it to their parents who felt that their beloved offspring were under suspicion, which they indignantly resented. Nothing was ever heard of the stolen articles afterwards and I have often wondered what just what was the true explanation. It seems highly probable that our own children opened the bureau drawer and the handbag to display its treasures to their companions and that some of these irresponsible children took possession of them; but my wife would not listen to such an explanation because she regarded children as angels who were by their heavenly nature incapable of wrongdoing and to suspect them was inhuman and cruel.

By the middle of October the weather was still cold. The International Congress of History and Geography continued for some days, remaining tiresome and unprofitable until the end, and it was a distinct relief to all concerned when it was over.

On the 20th I called at the Department of Agriculture where I met many friends and the Minister asked me to review his scheme for colonization and to accompany him on a trip to the dairy region of Santa Fe. I arranged with the proper officials for the transmission of the crop reports regularly to the department in Washington. Also I cabled to the department the latest wheat and flax estimates.

The following day I was in conference with the Minister and Assistant Secretary Vallejo regarding the proposed colonization scheme. It was generally conceded that Argentina needed immigrants on the land. The country was possessed by hereditary landholders in enormous tracts which they refused to sell or subdi-

(1924)

~~E-1461~~, 1370

vide. The problem was to divide up these large estates into smaller tracts and make small subdivision available to immigrant farmers. The Minister's idea was to pass a law giving the government authority to expropriate all land above 10,000 hectares (24,000 acres), compensating the owners for the land so expropriated, and make it available to settlement by immigrants on easy terms; but the land was to be thus expropriated only in the event that owners of estates refused to sell their surplus lands. This project never became law because most of the senators and deputies in the congress were land owners who had no desire to authorize the government to coerce them into selling their surplus land.

On the 22d I handed the minister a typewritten report endorsing his land colonization scheme, ^{with} which he seemed much pleased. Also I saw to the shipment by the department of six cases of papers, documents, and books, to my office in Washington.

On the 23d I had an interview with the owner of the house we occupied who agreed to extend the lease until November 5, and he agreed to come out the following week and check up the inventory of furniture and household goods.

On the 24th there was a hail storm. I had luncheon with Mr. Rugeroni, editor of the Argentine Times. At the Ministry of Agriculture I met Dr. Winters, the cotton specialist, and Mr. Wasner, formerly my secretary who had been transferred to Dr. Winters.

On the morning of October 25 I joined the Minister of Agriculture, Dr. LeBreton, and another guest, Dr. DeVuyst, Director of Agriculture in Belgium, whom I had met at the General Assembly in Rome in 1920. Together we boarded the special coach placed at the disposal of the Minister by the Railway Company. This was a combination Pullman sleeper with separate compartments,

, bath, parlor, and buffet diner. The pantry was well stocked with food, wines, and cigars, and a chef and steward were assigned to the coach to look after our comfort.

Mr. DeVuyst talked very intelligently about agriculture in Belgium, but his hobby was vocational schools for rural girls in which along with some book learning they were to be taught cooking, dress making, housekeeping, and care of children and farm animals, gardening, and the like. Once started on his hobby Mr. DeVuyst talked of little else for hours at a time. On this trip our conversation was all in French so long as we were in the coach.

Mr. DeVuyst was a connoiseur of wines and described with great glee how he concealed his stock of rare old wines in a pit in his cellar which was bricked over and covered with cement, so that when the German invaders searched his house his wines escaped confiscation and consumption.

It was a beautiful day and north of Rosario wheat was heading out, flax was blossoming, and the great alfalfa meadows were luxuriant. We arrived at Rafaelo in the afternoon and were met at the station by the mayor and other notables as a reception committee. We were transferred to waiting automobiles and, preceded by a brass band and a company of mounted police and followed by a regiment of young girls dressed in white and carrying flowers and palm leaves, we paraded slowly up the main street of the city and around the plaza, the streets lined with spectators to see us pass. After the procession broke up we were driven some miles out into the farming country. It is a rich country of well kept dairy farms, alfalfa meadows, sleek cattle, good houses, and fields separated by long rows of Chinaberry trees that with delicate glistening foliage and panicles of

(1924)

~~E-1463~~ 1372

lilac blossoms, made a pretty sight. We were returned to our private coach, which had been switched to a siding, about sundown for a little rest and relaxation before the public banquet at 9 p.m.

The banquet was held in a large hotel dining room and all tables were occupied. Dr. LeBreton was the guest of honor and Dr. DeVuyst and I sat next to him at the speakers table. The menu was an elaborate one and included several kinds of wine, champagne, cigars, and cigarettes. There was an address of welcome by the mayor, an address by the Minister, a brief talk in French by ^{Dr.} DeVuyst, and responses by leading citizens. Music was furnished by the municipal band. It was long after midnight when we returned to our private coach.

The next day was Sunday, clear, bright, and beautiful. Accompanied by the reception committee and others we were first driven to inspect a school of an Italian colony at a village fifteen or twenty miles from ^fRa~~fael~~. Next we inspected a large creamery and butter factory which had excellent buildings, modern equipment, and was scrupulously clean. To me the most interesting feature of this establishment was the stained glass windows, deep bluish purple in color, which filled the great halls with a wierd light and which the manager said repelled flies which were a pest in Argentina. Apparently the colored light was quite effective because not a fly was to be seen inside the building.

We were driven back to the hotel in Rafaela for another banquet and more speeches. From time to time during the banquet my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a large American flag on a building across the street, which was a surprise to me because the flag of the United States is rarely seen in Argentina outside of Buenos ⁱAyres. Later I saw that it was displayed by the

Singer Sewing Machine agency. This reminds me that in every city, town and village in Argentina (and the same is true of ^{many} ~~all~~ other countries) there was an agency of ^{this} ~~the~~ enterprising company, and there were schools where women and girls could learn how to use the sewing machine, and the machines were in widespread use, even in remote districts and in hovels and huts where one would least expect to find them. ^H After the banquet we were taken on a sightseeing tour of the city and out to the fairgrounds to see the livestock exposition. Many fine specimens of dairy and beef animals were on exhibition. The grounds were crowded with people and there were the usual amusements and gambling devices, fakirs, refreshment stands, horse races, and the like. ^{fairgrounds} ~~The/farms~~ were extensive and well equipped with neat and attractive buildings, rather better than those to be seen at county fairs in the United States. The afternoon was followed by a parade around the public plaza, another banquet in the evening with speeches, and back to our palatial coach sometime after midnight.

The next morning, the 27th, we woke up at Rosario and arrived at Retiro station in Buenos Ayres ^{at} at 12.45 p.m., where we separated. At home I found my family well. In the papers I saw a notice of the untimely death of Secretary Wallace and I sent a cablegram of condolence to Mrs. Wallace.

The following day I obtained from the American Embassy my credentials as official delegate of the U.S. Department of Agriculture to the International Congress of Social Economy, and attended the opening session in the afternoon.

On the 29th I prepared a report for Minister LeBreton on his land colonization scheme and attended the Social Economy Congress. At this session I succeeded in introducing a resolution recommending better organization and facilities for supplying

(1924)

E--1465.1374

more complete and accurate statistical data in each of the countries represented. The conferences were well attended by many distinguished delegates.

In the evening we gave a farewell supper to some of our American friends who remained until after midnight.

The last day of October was a busy one in arranging for transportation, visas, passports, health certificates for ourselves and the dog, and the transfer of our baggage. I attended a luncheon given by the Argentine delegation to the foreign delegates to the Congress of Social Economy, which was a most enjoyable affair.

On November 1st we were packing trunks and found it necessary to buy several new ones.

On the 2d we had several visitors, including Mr. Bauer, proprietor of the house we had occupied for nearly two years, who inspected the rooms and furniture and said that everything was satisfactory and assured me that he would return my original deposit of 450 pesos the following day.

The 4th was a fine springlike day. I withdrew my funds from the bank, partly in pesos and partly in the form of a draft in dollars, and said farewell to various officials. Our trunks had been transferred to the railway station. In the afternoon I took the family and our hand baggage to the Phoenix Hotel. Manuela, our Spanish servant, came in and spent the evening with us. I succeeded in having our trunks inspected, passed, and sealed by a Chilean customs official so there would be no delay at the boundary, and they were billed through to the steamer at Val Paraiso.

In the evening I had a call from a gentleman whom I met in the hotel lobby. He bore a letter from Mr. Bauer to the effect

(1924)

~~E-1466~~. 1375

that upon reexamination of the furniture in the house we had occupied he found it damaged more than the equivalent of 900 pesos--in other words, instead of owing me the 450 pesos I had put up as a deposit, I owed him that amount, which he asked me to pay to bearer, his attorney, or he would be under the necessity of attaching my baggage. Of course, the allegation was wholly false and a plan to blackmail me on the eve of our departure from Argentina. Naturally I was very angry, not only at the fraud involved but because delay and ~~xxxxxx~~ litigation would cost more than the sum demanded. However, I said to the dapper little lawyer, "I have a good notion to throw you out on the street; this is a swindle for which I could have you and your principal put in jail; tell your principal that I shall probably place the matter in the hands of the U.S. Consul to look after the prosecution of a suit for the recovery of my deposit; and if your client is so ill-advised as to attempt to carry out his threat of attaching my baggage and delaying my departure, I most certainly will sue him for damages that will put him into bankruptcy a second time."

I much regretted this incident because it spoiled our last evening in ~~xxxx~~ Buenos Aires and left a bad taste in my mouth. This action of the proprietor, Mr. Bauer, confirmed the statements of others to the effect that he was a professional swindler, had ruined his father and mother and many others, and had taken advantage of the bankruptcy laws to enter business again. He maintained two or three offices, at none of which he could be found. My wife had wasted most of the day in trying fruitlessly to reach him to demand the return of our deposit. My threat of personal violence to the little attorney caused him to leave precipitately and with a very white face. That ended the incident as I kissed my deposit a ^{disgusted} ~~fond~~ farewell.

(1924)

~~E-1467~~ 1376

The next morning, November 5, we left on the 9.15 train for Chile. At the station to see us off was Dr. Urien and a delegation of officials and employes of the Ministry of Agriculture, and many of our friends and acquaintances. To me these farewell parties at railway stations and steamship docks are rather trying and it was with a sigh of relief that I settled myself comfortably with my family in the coach and the train actually got under way.

How familiar the first few miles looked to us, the great river shining to the right, the botanical garden, the rose garden, the Zoological garden on our left, the great race course on our right with beautiful horses taking their morning exercise, and in a few minutes we sped swiftly through Belgrano, our home for eighteen months, and how we all peered out of the windows to catch a last fleeting glimpse of it. Then all day long we rode across the level green Pampa country through sunshine and shadow, passing many villages and towns that I recognized. Wife and the children enjoyed the trip greatly because it was their first in Argentina. It was a new experience for the children also when the porter made up the berths for us after supper on the diner.

The next morning we woke up at six o'clock as the train entered the city of Mendoza. All our clothing, faces and hands were covered with a thick layer of dust and there was much washing and wiping and brushing to get it off. At Mendoza we changed to another train that left at 7 a.m.

For
~~After~~ a few miles the train went through vineyards surrounding the city and then began to climb up through the barren slopes and passes of the Andes. As we ascended the air became colder and in the afternoon we encountered snow. At times we caught glimpses through the mists of the snowwhite peak of Tupungata,

1924-1925

The next morning, November 5, we left on the 9:15 train for Ushuaia. At the station to see us off was Dr. Urtien and a delegation of officials and employees of the Ministry of Agriculture and many of our friends and acquaintances. To me these farewells at railway stations and steamship docks are rather trying and it was with a sigh of relief that I settled myself comfortably with my family in the coach and the train actually got away.

How familiar the first few miles looked to us, the great river winding to the right, the botanical garden, the rose garden, the zoological garden on our left, the great road course on our right with beautiful horses taking their morning exercise, and in a few minutes we sped swiftly through Belgrano, our home for eighteen months, and now we all peered out of the windows to catch a last fleeting glimpse of it. Then all day long we rode across the level green Pampa country through sunshine and shadow, passing many villages and towns that I recognized. Wife and the children enjoyed the trip greatly because it was their first in Argentina. It was a new experience for the children also when the porter made up the berths for us after supper on the dinner.

The next morning we woke up at six o'clock as the train entered the city of Mendoza. All our clothing, faces and hands were covered with a thick layer of dust and there was much washing and wiping and brushing to get it off. At Mendoza we changed to another train that left at 7 a.m.

After a few miles the train went through vineyards surrounding the city and then began to climb up through the barren slopes and passes of the Andes. As we ascended the air became colder and in the afternoon we encountered snow. At times we caught glimpses through the mists of the snow-white peak of Tupungato.

(1924)

~~E-1468~~. 1977

more than twenty thousand feet up in the sky. At 4.30 we entered the two-mile long international tunnel and were soon in Chile. The descent is much more precipitous and the scenery much more interesting on the western slope than on the east. At 7 p.m. we reached Los Andes where the railway divides, one branch going directly to Valparaiso and the other to Santiago. Here we ~~sep~~ spent the night very comfortably.

We left the next morning at 8 o'clock and following a small stream through a rugged semiarid country with occasional alfalfa meadows, orange orchards, and truck gardens, we reached Valparaiso at 11.30 a.m. and found comfortable rooms in a small hotel. After luncheon I looked up the steamship office, inquired about our trunks, verified the time of sailing, and called on the American Consul, who supplied me with both oral and written information concerning the agriculture of Chile. Then I took the family on a sightseeing trip in an automobile and we were driven through the streets of the business section, up on the heights overlooking the city and harbor, and out along the beach drive to Miramar, a seaside resort of great beauty.

On the 8th I succeeded in making reservations for two connecting cabins with bath. At 4.20 p.m. we left in a chair car over an electric line for Santiago, arriving at 7.20 p.m., and were driven through broad streets to the Hotel Mundial. We had comfortable rooms and like^d the hotel, which was of triangular shape between two streets that came together at this point. Our rooms were in the angle so that we could see in one direction the city spread out before us, and in the other look up the steep bare slopes of the Andes and catch glimpses of their snowy summits high above the clouds. The mountains seemed to rise at the very edge of the city and their summits seemed to be only

a few miles distant. After supper we took a short walk on one of the broad city streets, but found all the shop windows closed with metal curtains and the street deserted, the same as in Buenos Ayres.

The next morning I took the children for a walk to a flower market where I bought a bunch of peonies, the first we had seen since leaving the United States. They looked like old friends. The market was held along a tree lined walk in the middle of a broad avenue. It was Sunday, so I could transact no official business. In the afternoon I hired an automobile and took the family on a sightseeing trip. I dismissed the car at the foot of San Lucia, a high hill that has been turned into a beautiful park within the city limits. We walked to the top, admiring the artificial fountains and cascades, the flowers, and the marvelous view of the city and the mountains.

On the morning of the 9th we could see from our windows the glistening white peaks of the Andes reaching up into the blue sky high above great banks of clouds. In the afternoon I visited the normal school agricultural experiment station where I had a very satisfactory interview with the director and was shown over the establishment by an official who had graduated from an American agricultural college and spoke English. He said that the most promising project of the institution was the development of a fruit and vegetable canning industry so that the excellent but perishable fruits of Chile might find a market. He spoke of the disappointment of the Chilean authorities in the results of a prolonged campaign to develop export trade with North America in grapes and citrus fruits only to have their industry ruined by tariffs and vexatious quarantines.

The next day I called on the secretary of the National Agri-

(1924)

E--1470.1379

cultural Society, which at that time served as a sort of semi-official department of agriculture. He gave me an armful of publications. In the late afternoon we returned to the hotel in Valparaiso.

In the morning, November 12, I had another interview with the American Consul, who lent me a copy of his typewritten notes on Chilean agriculture which I agreed to study en route and return to him by mail.

We went aboard the Grace Line steamer "Santa ^{Eliza}Louisa" just before noon. There was a fog over the harbor and the city and the air was cold. The ship sailed at 1 p.m. and immediately the gong sounded for luncheon. We were assigned to a table and were much interested in the serving of the meal by Chinese waiters who could speak very little English or Spanish. Naturally the poor fellows did their best, but made many mistakes. ~~xSeveralxofxthe~~ Two-thirds of the passengers were South Americans and it amused me greatly to listen to their ~~xx~~ criticisms of the American dishes set before them, which were much the same as one hears Americans make about the food served to them in many foreign countries. They were also outspoken in their condemnation of the table service by the Chinese waiters. Our waiter made several mistakes at the first meal. Thereafter I solved the problem of making him understand by pointing to the items we wanted as printed on the menu, indicating the number of orders with my fingers. He understood this system perfectly and rarely made mistakes and was very obliging. I noted that very few of the officers were Americans, but British or Scotch. ^{RP}The ship left Valparaiso with little cargo and stood high out of the water. We were no sooner out of the harbor than the heavy side swell caused her to roll badly. This distressed my wife so much that

(1924)

~~E-1471~~ 1980

most of the voyage as far north as Panama she spent in bed and ate very little. She left Argentina plumper than usual, but the abstemious diet up the Pacific coast reduced her to normal.

The second day out I observed that Thelma, ¹⁹~~22~~ years of age, had formed the acquaintance of a young Englishman, who seemed to be about 21, and very diffident. They did not talk very much or give any signs of a flirtation but walked slowly and solemnly back and forth on deck like a sedate elderly married couple. Later she said the young man told her he had been sent out by his family under a three year contract as an employe of a mining company in northern Chile or Peru and he did not want to come and was very lonesome and homesick.

The morning of the 14th the ship entered the harbor of Antefogasta and took on some copper ingots. The harbor was full of small boats and we went ashore in one of them and my wife was much interested in the cotton goods and cheap jewelry displayed in the shops. Thelma was too much interested in her young friend to come with us. We enjoyed the boat ride over the long swells of crystal clear water that came rolling in from the sea. The country about the city seemed to be a waste of sand dunes and barren slopes of mountains. This was true of the coast for 2,000 miles or more as far north as Ecuador.

On the 15th I finished reading the material lent me by the Consul at Valparaiso, and I began drafting a report on the agrarian section of the International Congress of Social Economy.

About noon we entered the harbor of Iquiqui where the ship took on a large quantity of nitrates, in the form of large semi-transparent crystals of salt. I visited the town, but did not stay long because of the heat.

I conversed with Prof. Lindsay, whom I had met as a delegate

(1924)

~~E-1472~~. 1381

at the economic congress. I also made the acquaintance of a Scotch engineer, a Mr. Clark, who had been engaged in constructing telephone lines in Chile for many years. He confirmed the information I had received from the officials at Santiago and Valparaiso regarding the agriculture of Chile and said that he had traveled over the country from end to end many times. He told of examining mine workings of the Inca and other Indians and of finding their wooden implements, made of quebracho, which is almost as hard and heavy as iron and almost indestructible.

Discussing the source of the great stores of gold and silver found in the possession of the Incas on the arrival of the Spanish he related an interesting tale. A few years previously a party of prospectors crossed the Andes above Lima and began exploring on the eastern slopes near the headwaters of the Amazon. They met with incredible hardships. One of their number, a young American, became disabled through illness, accident, or wounds, and was abandoned to die. Some Indians found him and took him to their camp, nursed him back to life and health, and adopted him into the tribe. He was with them two or three years, learned their language, served them in many ways and won their confidence. At last the young man got to brooding about his home, his people, and his sweetheart back in Ohio. This so preyed on his mind that it began to affect his health and his sadness became apparent to his Indian friends. They readily consented to his leaving them, feasted him before he left, made up a party to accompany him to the Peruvian village which was the outpost of civilization in that region. At parting the leader presented to him some bags filled with gold, exacting a promise that he would never reveal to his white brothers the location of the tribe and thus bring destruction upon them. The young man was

(1924)

E--1473, 1382

able to hire men and donkeys to help him make his way over the crest of the Andes. Mr. Clark said that he traveled with the young man during the last stages of his journey and was with him when he deposited his bags of gold dust in the bank in Lima, after which the young man spoke freely of his experience and its happy ending. Asked what he proposed to do next the young man replied that he would take the first steamer for the United States and the first train to his home town, marry his sweetheart, invest his fortune, and live happily ever after. He said he had had enough adventure to last him a lifetime and had no desire to risk his fortune in speculation, gambling, or enterprises about which he knew nothing. Mr. Clark said that the value of the gold brought out by the young man was in excess of \$200,000.

On the 16th we anchored off Arica with the monotonous barren hills and mountains in the background. My wife, Otis, and many other passengers suffered from the disagreeable rolling of the ship. The sea was alive with fish and enormous flocks of water fowl were to be seen flying low over the water. In the afternoon the ship made a short stop at Ilo, the first port in Peru.

Early on the 17th we anchored before Mollendo where the ship took on a cargo of alpaca wool.

The 18th was clear and cold and about noon we anchored before Pisco, a small Peruvian town on the beach with some flat country between it and the mountains. After luncheon in company with Thelma and an elderly couple from St. Louis we went ashore and explored the town. The streets were unpaved, very dusty, and lined with small one story buildings. The narrow streets were only a few blocks long and at the end of one of them we came upon a cotton field. Maize in a garden was about waist high.

able to hire men and donkeys to help him make his way over the crest of the Andes. Mr. Clark said that he traveled with the young man during the last stages of his journey and was with him when he deposited his bags of gold dust in the bank in Lima, after which the young man spoke freely of his experience and his happy ending. Asked what he proposed to do next the young man replied that he would take the first steamer for the United States and the first train to his home town, marry his sweetheart, invest his fortune, and live happily ever after. He said he had had enough adventure to last him a lifetime and had no desire to risk his fortune in speculation, gambling, or enterprises about which he knew nothing. Mr. Clark said that the value of the gold brought out by the young man was in excess of \$200,000.

On the 15th we anchored off Lima with the monotonous barren hills and mountains in the background. My wife, Gail, and many other passengers suffered from the disagreeable rolling of the ship. The sea was alive with fish and enormous flocks of water fowl were to be seen flying low over the water. In the afternoon the ship made a short stop at Ilo, the first port in Peru.

Early on the 17th we anchored before Mollendo where the ship took on a cargo of alpaca wool.

The 18th was clear and cold and about noon we anchored before Pisco, a small Peruvian town on the beach with some flat country between it and the mountains. After luncheon in company with Thelma and an elderly couple from St. Louis we went ashore and explored the town. The streets were unpaved, very dusty, and lined with small one story buildings. The narrow streets were only a few blocks long and at the end of one of them we came upon a cotton field. Naise in a garden was about waist high.

(1924)

~~E-1474~~ 1389

While waiting on an iron pier that jutted out from the beach for a boat to take us off I was surprised to hear the sound of grunting pigs. I found that the sounds came from some rusty looking waterfowl about the size of crows that were perched on the cross beams below the platform. I talked with a man who had traveled extensively in Peru who said that large numbers of Japanese immigrants were coming in.

The 19th was clear and cold as we entered the harbor of Callao while eating breakfast. A crowd of poorly clad and vociferous porters came aboard, pushed the stewards aside and filled the dining room, to the great annoyance of the passengers.

I took the family ashore in the forenoon and we rode on an electric trolley line a few miles to Lima. Leaving my glasses with an optician for repairs, we visited the cathedral in which lie the remains of Pizarro, drove to various points in an automobile, and did some shopping. Among other things I bought a basket of beautiful strawberries. *P* Passing along the principal business street in the center of the city we paused before an arched gateway opening into a front yard full of palms. In the center was a fountain and back of that a highly ornamental door, which was open and through which we could see a beautiful courtyard beyond. My wife, full of curiosity and against my protest, stepped unhesitatingly inside to look around, when a natty looking gentleman in morning dress, gloves, silk hat, and gold headed cane, stepped gracefully around the fountain and faced us smiling. I promptly raised my hat and begged his pardon and asked if we were intruding, saying that the surroundings were so magnificent that my wife thought it was a public building open to visitors. He said that no apologies were necessary because the entrance had been left open and it was quite natural for strangers to mistake it for an

While waiting on an iron pier that jutted out from the beach for a boat to take us off I was surprised to hear the sound of grunting pigs. I found that the sounds came from some rusty looking waterways about the size of crows that were perched on the ornate beams below the platform. I talked with a man who had traveled extensively in Peru who said that large numbers of Japanese immigrants were coming in.

The 19th was clear and cold as we entered the harbor of Callao while eating breakfast. A crowd of poorly clad and vulgar porters came aboard, pushed the stewards aside and filled the dining room, to the great annoyance of the passengers.

I took the family ashore in the forenoon and we rode on an electric trolley line a few miles to Lima. Leaving my glasses with an optician for repairs, we visited the cathedral in which lie the remains of Pizarro, drove to various points in an automobile, and did some shopping. Among other things I bought a basket of beautiful strawberries. Passing along the principal business street in the center of the city we passed before an ornate gateway opening into a front yard full of palms. In the center was a fountain and back of that a highly ornamented door, which was open and through which we could see a beautiful courtyard beyond. My wife, full of curiosity and against my protest, stepped reluctantly inside to look around, when a nasty looking gentleman in morning dress, gloves, silk hat, and gold headed cane, stopped graciously around the fountain and asked us smiling. I promptly raised my hat and begged his pardon and asked if we were intruding, saying that the surroundings were so magnificent that my wife thought it was a public building open to visitors. He said that no apologies were necessary because the entrance had been left open and it was quite natural for strangers to mistake it for an

(1924)

~~E-1475~~ 1384

invitation to enter. He added that this house had belonged to his family for several generations, and could he invite us to enter. I thanked him for his courtesy, but declined on the ground that we must return to our ship, and led my little party out on the pavement again. My wife was greatly exhilarated by this adventure and reproached me for not accepting the invitation to see the inside of this wonderful house. We returned to the ship in time for luncheon and found it taking on a cargo of vanadium ore.

The ship got under way in the afternoon and that night some birds attracted by the lights fluttered about on deck and perched in the rigging.

The following morning was disagreeably cold and foggy, but clear later in the day. The sea seemed to be swarming with fish and uncounted millions of waterfowl were flying close to the surface in a stream a mile wide that seemed to have no end in either direction and that continued for many hours. The ship anchored at Salavery from 10 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. taking on cargo.

The 21st was another cold and disagreeable day. A stop was made at Païta to take on a cargo of the long staple ~~cotton~~ Tanguist cotton. A number of small boats and canoes came out with paroquets, decorated clay jugs and vases of Indian manufacture, Panama straw hats, and other articles to sell to the passengers. Thinking that the paroquets, or love birds as they were called, were used to a tropical climate and could not survive the severe cold on arrival at New York, so that we would not be bothered with them afterwards, I purchased a pair of them for the children, with which they were delighted. Other passengers and the crew also purchased some of the birds. After we got out to

(1924)

~~E-1476~~. 1385

sea in a strong wind I saw one of the paroquets escape from the lower deck and fly directly against the ~~strong~~ wind for several hundred yards and then turn and fly back to the ship. However, the poor bird was too exhausted to reach the upper deck, struck the side of the ship with sufficient force to disable it, fell and disappeared in the hissing water below, and thus its little life was cut short by a tragedy. Curious how such an incident sticks in one's memory. *P* During the afternoon our ship called at Tacara for a small consignment that was quickly transferred from a lighter to the hold. There was a long wait for the captain and first officer to return during which the passengers became impatient. At last they came out in a launch, each with a very red face, and at a signal the anchor was hauled in and the propeller began to churn. The passengers relaxed, knowing that this was to be the last stop before reaching Panama. Since leaving Valparaiso the weather had been cold and disagreeable and the constant view of barren sand and mountain slopes was beginning to affect the nerves and dispositions of the passengers. After the ship was under way about an hour and the little town was no longer visible the syren blew a long blast, the engines were reversed, and the ship turned about and retraced her course to that condemned little coast town. Word passed throughout the ship that the officers in their befuddled state of mind had come aboard without their clearance papers and had to return for them.

The 22d opened cloudy and cold with land barely visible. I saw the spouting of several whales at a distance. It looks like a jet of water or steam issuing from the surface of the water. Sometimes the body of the whale was plainly visible and at other times nothing is to be seen but a small fountain that rises and soon disappears. During the forenoon we passed under the *E*squa-

tor with the temperature still cold enough to make overcoats and blankets necessary. In the afternoon we passed out of the icy cold Humbolt current into warmer waters, and the temperature rose rapidly, so much so that the officers appeared on deck in white duck uniforms. It was like passing in a few hours from cold spring into warm spring weather.

An amusing incident occurred this day. Thelma's young admirer had left the ship at one of the Peruvian ports. Upon his departure she immediately began to cast her eyes upon some of the unattached males on board, but she was so obviously an undeveloped child that she met with little response. However, my wife thought best to caution her to be a little more restrained. Drawing herself up to her full height the child tossed her head up in what she probably thought was a haughty manner, answered "I would have you know that I am no longer a child; I am a young lady; I am fourteen years old" (since November 3) "and you are simply jealous of me," and with that announcement she walked proudly, if somewhat awkwardly away. While we laughed at her conceit we could not help but feel a little concern, not knowing what folly she might commit.

On the 23d the sun shone bright and hot for the first time on the voyage. It was a beautiful day of bright sunshine, blue water and sky, flying white clouds, with a sea full of fish, and the passengers warm enough to relax comfortably in their deck chairs.

The 24th was equally bright and beautiful and especially interesting because we entered the Panama canal in the early morning from the Pacific end and came out at the Atlantic end about sundown. All day long the passengers sat on the upper deck enjoying the surpassingly beautiful scenery. It was warm, but an

(1924)

1478-1387

awning had been erected and a pleasant breeze was blowing. ^PThe canal itself was an object of interest as one of the great engineering feats of the world. It was like a deep clear river with verdure clad banks on either side and an occasional waterfall plunged with silvery whiteness from a cliff to the canal below. Occasionally the canal broadened out into a lake. In every direction was a succession of small mountain peaks clothed from base to summit with waving palms, banana orchards, and other verdure. The universal greenness and luxuriant plant life in the canal zone was refreshing after the thousands of miles of barren, desert seacoast and mountain slopes of Chile and Peru.

^PThe quarters of the canal zone officials and employes ~~were~~ commodious, neat, clean, well kept, surrounded by green lawns, ornamental trees and shrubs, parklike in appearance, were equally pleasing. All this was a surprise to me because of the accounts I had read while the canal was under construction of the insuperable engineering difficulties, the insupportable heat, the dangerous sanitary conditions, the ill health of the employes and the emphasis on hospitals, doctors, and nurses, in recognition of which the officers and employes received much higher salaries than those of the same grade in the United States; and all the pictures illustrating the canal as I remembered them showed it to be a great gash cut in the raw earth like so many of our ugly railway cuts. Instead, here was a beautiful park in a lovely climate and conditions of employment and life almost ideal--one of the beauty spots of the earth. Never again should I waste^e any sympathy on employes doomed to serve in the canal zone, but rather regard them with envy. In fact, they ^{were} ~~are~~ almost as well off as most [^]foreign missionaries.

Luncheon was served on deck so that passengers might ^{not} miss[^]

(1924)

~~E-1479~~ 1388

any of the beautiful scenery. ^h We reached ^{Colon} Cristobal on the Atlantic side about 7 p.m. and left about an hour later, after the pleasantest day of the entire voyage. We had just time to step ashore and buy a few souv^enirs and a supply of cigars. Long after dark we remained on deck as the ship passed through a lane of twinkling lights that marked the channel for several miles out to deep water, and ^{from} far out at sea we could still see the clustered lights of Christobal sinking on the horizon and gradually disappearing from view.

The next three days we had rather high winds and a rough sea which caused many of the passengers, including my wife and Otis, much inconvenience. On the third day, Thanksgiving, we saw the eastern shore of Cuba in the distance. The dining room was decorated with flags and an excellent dinner was served, with the traditional roast turkey and cran^bberries. A swimming tank was fitted up, but the few passengers who tried it came out shivering with the cold.

The wind and sea rose on the ^{afternoon} ~~evening~~ of the 29th and by evening a real gale was blowing and great waves were washing over the decks. At the supper table a sudden lurch of the ship sent everything flying onto the floor, to the great delight of the children. Soup had just been served and I had just poured out a glass of wine. When things started to slide I instinctively saved the plate of soup and with dismay saw the glass of wine go, which greatly pleased my wife--a fanatical prohibitionist. Some of the passengers tipped out of their chairs, which were not fastened to the floor. One little lady who was too light either to be tipped out of her chair or to hold it in place sat in it as it slid on the smooth floor the length of the dining room, much to her astonishment and the amusement of other passengers.

(1924)

~~E-1486.~~ 1939

I suspect we were somewhere off Cape Hatteras, which has a bad reputation. The next day we ran into winter weather.

December 1 was clear and very cold. The passengers were routed out of their state rooms at 6 a.m. because during the night the ship had anchored opposite the quarantine station in New York harbor and we had to undergo medical inspection and our passports had to be examined. Then came breakfast, tips to the stewards, farewells to friends, the slow trip across the bay, the sight of Miss Liberty again, the marvelous view of New York's business fairyland, and the tedious process of bringing the ship to her dock, and the scramble to land. There was a long wait in the customhouse before our baggage could be examined and passed, and we suffered from the unaccustomed cold. The only compensation I found in this long cold wait was in watching the little dramas enacted on all sides and the expressions ^{on} of the faces of the passengers as their belongings were examined by the patient and overworked inspectors.

Here I saw the end of a little drama that began at Christobal. ^{Colon} At that port a pretty little blond lady came aboard. She was young, petite, well developed, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, Titian red hair with a glint of gold in it, dainty and bright in her movements and expressions. At the other end of the canal a young engineer had joined the ship after a tour of duty in Ecuador. He was a fine specimen of young manhood, of Swedish birth, tall, handsome, with ^{the} a clear cut, refined, and intelligent face of a gentleman and a student, somewhat bronzed by exposure to tropical suns. Within 24 hours after leaving ^{Colon} Christobal I began to notice the two young people much together and I thought what an ideal couple they would make. He paid her the most devoted and deferential attention, which seemed not unpleasant to her; in fact,

she seemed to lead him on. Day after day he sat with her, walked with her, played with her, read to her, ran the phonograph for her, looked at her with adoration in his eyes, and seemed to anticipate her every thought and wish. To me it seemed such a beautiful romance that surely something must come of it and they would be married and live happily ever after. *P* But no. The day of the gale, two days before reaching New York, she disappeared from view. He walked endlessly up and down the promenade deck with a most woebegone, dejected, and utterly unhappy look on his face. ~~I had ever seen.~~ Evidently the course of true love had not run smoothly for him. I never saw him again. On leaving the customhouse I saw the fairhaired little beauty joined by a short, stocky, coarse looking man. He appeared to be of Irish persuasion. Although he kissed her, there was no show of affection between them and together they disappeared in a cab. I suspect that instead of this episode being a dream it was a tragedy, at least I know it was for the young Swedish engineer.

~~In our case~~ *The* customs officials were very courteous. A taxi took us to the same hotel at which we had stopped before the outward voyage nearly two years before, and we even had the same room. This made us feel quite at home. In spite of the cold we walked out on Broadway, visited Wanamaker's store where we did some shopping, and had a nice supper in a restaurant. We were somewhat confused at times by the surging crowds, but the wonderful display of electric lights ^{was} were a delight and it was a great satisfaction to feel that we were again in our own country where our own language was universal and where there was so much life and activity and things seemed to be on such an enormous ~~scale~~ and brilliant scale. It made us feel proud to think that we belonged to and were a part of it all. Perhaps nothing

impressed me so much as the brilliant electric lights, the open stores, and the crowds on Broadway after dark. At the same hour in all South American cities all the shop windows would be closed with metal shutters or curtains, the streets would be dimly lighted and deserted, and only in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres could one see here and there an isolated electric sign. To me these lights, crowds, movement and human activity after sundown were inspiring.

The next forenoon we did some shopping and ourselves and baggage were transferred to the great Pennsylvania Railway station. We left on the 1.20 p.m. train. Through the great tunnel under the Hudson we emerged on the Jersey side and had our last luncheon en route in the Pullman diner. With what interest we watched the familiar landscape and the succession of factory towns flit by. How good the familiar Washington papers looked that I had bought at the station. We were cumbered with hand baggage and the wooden cage containing the two love birds that I had purchased at Paiza in the belief that they would not survive New York. To keep them ^{birds} from screeching I had wrapped their cage in newspapers and placed it in the rack above our heads. We could hear them busily engaged in tearing the paper covering with their bills and talking to each other with low chuckles from time to time. Finding it difficult to reach the paper through the wooden bars of the cage the ^y began industriously and with much determination to cut through the bars. Soon after we returned from the diner they stepped out of their cage with a shriek of delight and immediately became objects of interest to the passengers. I had no difficulty in recapturing the birds and confining them in the cage, about which I wrapped a steamer rug to keep them quiet and from escaping.

(1924)

E--1483.

1392

We reached Washington at 6.20 p.m.--after dark. What a thrill we got as we dismounted and walked along the familiar platform and through the gate. There we found to welcome us a delegation of fellow employes and colleagues of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, including Mr. Tenny, acting chief, Messrs. Gage and Jones, of the Division of Crop Estimates, my sister Nellie, and several others. After cordial greetings Mr. Gage insisted on taking us to our home on 17th Street. *P* Here we found our tenants, Mr. Tom Jenkins, his aged mother, and his sister, Miss Mattie, and some neighbors. Our hand baggage was deposited in the entrance corridor. The dining room was lit up and the table was partially set for supper. We had intended to take our supper at a restaurant and if it seemed desirable spend the night at a hotel, which is exactly what we should have done. However, Miss Mattie said that she was preparing supper for us, that our rooms were ready, and she insisted on our staying. To avoid hurting her feelings we acquiesced with some misgivings, which proved to be fully justified. The house was poorly heated and we were very uncomfortable. The supper was long delayed and when it was finally served in a ~~xxx~~ slovenly manner, ~~and when~~ the food was most disappointing. When at last we were left to ourselves we found everything covered with a heavy layer of dust and that the beds had not been aired--in fact they were just as we left them two years previously.

And so ended our Argentine adventure, and this was our homecoming.

The next day my ~~sister~~ sister said that she had proposed to employ a colored woman and oversee the cleaning of our rooms and setting them in order, but the tenants in the upper rooms objected, saying that they were responsible and would see to it.

We reached Washington at 6.50 p.m.--after dark. What a thrill

we got as we disembarked and walked along the familiar platform and through the gate. There we found to welcome us a delegation of fellow employees and colleagues of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, including Mr. Tenny, acting chief, Messrs. Gage and

Jones, of the Division of Crop Estimates, my sister Nellie,

and several others. After cordial greetings Mr. Gage insisted

on taking us to our home on 17th Street. Here we found our

tenants, Mr. Tom Jenkins, his aged mother, and his sister, Miss

Mattie, and some neighbors. Our hand baggage was deposited in

the entrance corridor. The dining room was lit up and the table

was partially set for supper. We had intended to take our sup-

per at a restaurant and it seemed desirable spend the night

at a hotel, which is exactly what we should have done. However,

Miss Mattie said that she was preparing supper for us, that our

rooms were ready, and she insisted on our staying. To avoid

hurting her feelings we acquiesced with some misgivings, which

proved to be fully justified. The house was poorly heated and we

were very uncomfortable. The supper was long delayed and when

it was finally served in a far slovenly manner, and when the

food was most disappointing. When at last we were left to our-

selves we found everything covered with a heavy layer of dust

and that the beds had not been aired--in fact they were just as

we left them two years previously.

And so ended our Argentine adventure, and this was our

homecoming.

The next day my ~~kind~~ sister said that she had proposed to

employ a colored woman and oversee the cleaning of our rooms and

setting them in order, but the tenants in the upper rooms ob-

jected, saying that they were responsible and would see to it.

(1924)

E--1484.

1393

It took my wife and two helpers nearly a week to clean up and get our things in place so that we could begin to feel at ease in our own home. During this period of house cleaning we took most of ^{our} meals at a cheerful little restaurant nearby.

I made daily trips to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics to greet my former colleagues and friends and pick up the loose threads of my departmental life. In that part of the city I traversed between home and office I noted many changes, old landmark buildings demolished and replaced by new ones, shifting of ~~business establishments~~ and a great increase in the number of automobiles. In visiting the offices of my own and other bureaus I was struck by a number of changes. My former friends and acquaintances looked much older and quieter, as if they might have been confined to their homes by illness for a long period. Also they appeared to be profoundly depressed. This was due in part to the fact that Secretary Wallace had died recently and for a time the department was without a head and every one was apprehensive. Then came the appointment of a man whose very name I and others have forgotten, but he was a West Virginia politician who served as acting Secretary between the death of Secretary Wallace and the appointment of Secretary Jardine. This affected all ranks of employes and the whole machinery of the department slowed up and almost ceased to function. This appearance of stagnation and depression was a severe blow to me because the Department of Agriculture was my official home, I was excessively proud of it, and the two years I had lived in South America I had remembered it as a beehive of enthusiastic endeavor and forging ahead. Now it appeared to be hopelessly stranded. This impression on my part was partly due to the fact that many of the higher officials were away from the department in attendance on various functions.

It took my wife and two helpers nearly a week to clean up and get our things in place so that we could begin to feel at ease in our own home. During this period of house cleaning we took most of meals at a cheerful little restaurant nearby.

I made daily trips to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics to greet my former colleagues and friends and pick up the loose threads of my departmental life. In that part of the city I traversed between home and office I noted many changes, old landmarks buildings demolished and replaced by new ones, shifting of ^{business establishments} and a great increase in the number of automobiles. In visiting the offices of my own and other bureaus I was struck by a number of changes. My former friends and acquaintances looked much older and quieter, as if they might have been confined to their homes by illness for a long period. Also they appeared to be profoundly depressed. This was due in part to the fact that Secretary Wallace had died recently and for a time the department was without a head and every one was apprehensive. Then came the appointment of a man whose very name I and others have forgotten, but he was a West Virginia politician who served as acting Secretary between the death of Secretary Wallace and the appointment of Secretary Jardine. This affected all ranks of employees and the whole machinery of the department slowed up and almost ceased to function. This appearance of stagnation and depression was a severe blow to me because the Department of Agriculture was my official home, I was excessively proud of it, and the two years I had lived in South America I had remembered it as a bee-hive of enthusiastic endeavor and forging ahead. Now it appeared to be hopelessly strangled. This impression on my part was partly due to the fact that many of the higher officials were away from the department in attendance on various functions.

(1924)

E--1485.

1394

At my own bureau I found Mr. Tenny on duty as acting chief. He looked worn and tired, and it seemed to be a relief to him to sketch briefly the work of the bureau during my absence. He said that Dr.H.C.Taylor, the chief, was in bad health and spent much of his time away from ~~the bureau~~ Washington, which had thrown a heavy burden upon his subordinates.

A few days later I joined a group of my old Crop Estimates associates and together we had an oyster luncheon at the wharf. They were old friends who talked freely about the discouraging situation of the bureau. Mr.Callander, who had become chief of the Crop Estimates Division, told me confidentially that some weeks before the Secretary had approved the unanimous recommendation of a committee that I be appointed to represent the department at the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome in the promotion of a world wide census of agriculture to be taken in 1930.

I was assigned a desk and room adjoining that of the chief of bureau and for some days was occupied in dictating my report of the International Congress of Social Economy and in catching up with my correspondence.

On the 6th I went to Frederick by train and was met at the station by my niece, Eunice, and her husband, who took me out to spend the night with my mother who was living near Sunny Hill. I was glad to find her well and cheerful.

The next day, Sunday, I inspected Sunny Hill and found it looking as well as could be expected at that season of the year. Also I stopped on my way back to inspect Winworth, the partnership place of my sister and niece. That evening I took mother back to Washington with me.

At my own bureau I found Mr. Tenny on duty as acting chief. He looked worn and tired, and it seemed to be a relief to him to sketch briefly the work of the bureau during my absence. He said that Dr. H.C. Taylor, the chief, was in bad health and spent much of his time away from ~~the~~ Washington, which had thrown a heavy burden upon his subordinates.

A few days later I joined a group of my old Crop Estimates associates and together we had an oyster luncheon at the wharf. They were old friends who talked freely about the discouraging situation of the bureau. Mr. Callender, who had become chief of the Crop Estimates Division, told me confidentially that some weeks before the Secretary had approved the unanimous recommendation of a committee that I be appointed to represent the department at the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome in the promotion of a world wide census of agriculture to be taken in 1930.

I was assigned a desk and room adjoining that of the chief of bureau and for some days was occupied in dictating my report of the International Congress of Social Economy and in catching up with my correspondence.

On the 6th I went to Frederick by train and was met at the station by my niece, Eunice, and her husband, who took me out to spend the night with my mother who was living near Sunny Hill. I was glad to find her well and cheerful.

The next day, Sunday, I inspected Sunny Hill and found it looking as well as could be expected at that season of the year. Also I stopped on my way back to inspect Winworth, the partner-ship place of my sister and niece. That evening I took mother back to Washington with me.

On the 8th I sat with the crop reporting board and saw Dr. Taylor for a moment only. His face was drawn, his hair whitened, and he looked ten years older than when I had last seen him two years previously. In the evening we had a house full of friends to inspect the souvenirs we had brought from South America.

The following day I attended the ^Farm Hands Club luncheon and gave a brief talk on my experiences and observations in Argentina. In the afternoon I had a long talk with Dr. Taylor, who proposed that I represent the Department of Agriculture at the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome as assistant chief of a new division of International Census and to organize the world census of agriculture for 1930-1931, at a salary of \$6,000, to be paid partly by the Department of Agriculture and partly from a fund contributed by the International Education Board, with an allotment of \$2,500 for necessary travel. For diplomatic reasons it was planned to appoint a European as chief of the division, and ~~as much~~ ^{for such} travel ^{as} would be necessary after the preliminary plans were approved, I should visit the English and Spanish speaking countries and the European chief would visit all other countries. He said that the Secretary of Agriculture had been asked to designate a representative of the department and a committee of bureau chiefs had been appointed to canvas the field and because of my outstanding services in the field of organization I had been the only one to be considered and its recommendation that I be appointed was immediate and unanimous. Dr. Taylor laid great stress on the fact that this was a great honor and a remarkable opportunity.

I said: "Yes, Doctor, it is all of that, as I well appreciate, and my thanks are due to all concerned; but my first reaction is this: I have just returned from a highly successful

On the 8th I sat with the crop reporting board and saw Dr. Taylor for a moment only. His face was drawn, his hair whitened, and he looked ten years older than when I had last seen him two years previously. In the evening we had a house full of friends

to inspect the souvenirs we had brought from South America.

The following day I attended the Warm Hands Club luncheon and gave a brief talk on my experiences and observations in Argentina. In the afternoon I had a long talk with Dr. Taylor, who proposed that I represent the Department of Agriculture at the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome as assistant chief of a new division of International Census and to organize the world census of agriculture for 1930-1931, at a salary of \$6,000, to be paid partly by the Department of Agriculture and partly from a fund contributed by the International Education Board, with an allotment of \$2,500 for necessary travel. For diplomatic reasons it was planned to appoint a European as chief of the division, and ~~as much travel~~ ^{as much travel} would be necessary after the preliminary plans were approved. I should visit the English and Spanish speaking countries and the European chief would visit all other countries. He said that the Secretary of Agriculture had been asked to designate a representative of the department and a committee of bureau chiefs had been appointed to canvas the field and because of my outstanding services in the field of organization I had been the only one to be considered and its recommendation that I be appointed was immediate and unanimous. Dr. Taylor laid great stress on the fact that this was a great honor and a remarkable opportunity.

I said: "Yes, Doctor, it is all of that, as I well appreciate, and my thanks are due to all concerned; but my first reaction is this: I have just returned from a highly successful

(1924)

E--1487.

1396

mission in a foreign country that paid me a salary of \$15,000 a year, and as the confidential technical adviser of the Minister of Agriculture I was given a free hand and he was my chief. You are now asking me to accept a subordinate position at \$6,000 and to serve as an assistant to a European chief of division who, in all probability, has had neither my experience, my success, nor my reputation. I have reason to believe that I can easily obtain a much higher salary than the one you offer here in the United States. I have other interests here that need attention. My two adopted children have lost two years of schooling and fallen behind their classmates. They should go to school and have a chance to catch up. The salary offered is not sufficient to enable me to take my family with me. If I accepted the position it would mean separation from family, friends, and interests for a period of years. This is not a pleasant prospect to contemplate and would mean a considerable sacrifice on my part and hardship to my family. For the sake of accomplishing a great public service I might persuade myself to make the financial and personal sacrifice involved, but one thing is decisive with me, and it is this: As the organizer and for ten years the chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, the largest and most efficient agricultural statistical bureau in the world, and as the successful reorganizer of a similar bureau in Argentina, I do not feel disposed to accept, nor will I accept, second place on this important project. That is final. In all Europe there is no one who has had my experience, and I will not serve under any professor however imposing his array of titles may look, who lacks practical experience. The Secretary will have to designate some one else."

mission in a foreign country that paid me a salary of \$15,000 a year, and as the confidential technical adviser of the Minister of Agriculture I was given a free hand and he was my chief. You are now asking me to accept a subordinate position at \$6,000 and to serve as an assistant to a European chief of division who, in all probability, has had neither my experience, my success, nor my reputation. I have reason to believe that I can easily obtain a much higher salary than the one you offer here in the United States. I have other interests here that need attention. My two adopted children have lost two years of schooling and fallen behind their classmates. They should go to school and have a chance to catch up. The salary offered is not sufficient to enable me to take my family with me. If I accepted the position it would mean separation from family, friends, and interests for a period of years. This is not a pleasant prospect to contemplate and would mean a considerable sacrifice on my part and hardship to my family. For the sake of accomplishing a great public service I might persuade myself to make the financial and personal sacrifice involved, but one thing is decisive with me, and it is this: As the organizer and for ten years the chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, the largest and most efficient agricultural statistical bureau in the world, and as the successful reorganizer of a similar bureau in Argentina, I do not feel disposed to accept, nor will I accept, second place on this important project. That is final. In all Europe there is no one who has had my experience, and I will not serve under any professor however imposing his array of titles may look, who lacks practical experience. The Secretary will have to designate some one else."

Dr. Taylor seemed surprised and disappointed and said it was a wonderful opportunity to live in Rome, ^{and} travel in Europe, ^{one} that many distinguished men would be glad to have.

I replied that I understood all that, but because of the sacrifice to me and my family that would be involved I would have to forego that opportunity, knowing that the Secretary would have no difficulty in finding many applicants for the position.

On the 10th I called at the Argentine Embassy to pay my respects to the officials and was congratulated on the success of my mission to their country. At the closing hour I addressed the assembled employes of the Division of Crop Estimates on Argentina.

On the 11th wife and I did some necessary shopping and in the evening visited her Brother Roger, who was confined to his bed with heart trouble.

Then for a week or more I was kept busy with correspondence, sorting papers, and preparing an address for the bureau council and an article for the "Omnibus," a bureau periodical, and writing legends in English for the collection of Argentine lantern slides, and frequent interviews with officials in the department and several newspaper correspondents.

On the 16th my sister, Mrs. Nellie M. Winchester, who had temporary appointment with the Vocational Education Board, received notice that her appointment could not be extended. This was a great disappointment to her because she liked the work and had hoped that it might become permanent. She announced her intention of returning to Winworth, her country home near Sunny Hill.

On the 18th, at the request of Dr. Taylor, I discussed the Rome project with Dr. Michaels, who had spent some time in Russia and the Balkans; Dr. Stein, in charge of the statistical and

Dr. Taylor seemed surprised and disappointed and said it was a wonderful opportunity to live in Rome, travel in Europe, that many distinguished men would be glad to have.

I replied that I understood all that, but because of the sacrifice to me and my family that would be involved I would have to forego that opportunity, knowing that the Secretary would have no difficulty in finding many applicants for the position.

On the 10th I called at the Argentine Embassy to pay my respects to the officials and was congratulated on the success of my mission to their country. At the closing hour I addressed the assembled employees of the Division of Crop Estimates on

Argentina.

On the 11th wife and I did some necessary shopping and in the evening visited her Brother Roger, who was confined to his bed with heart trouble. Then for a week or more I was kept busy with correspondence,

sorting papers, and preparing an address for the Bureau Council and an article for the "Omnibus," a Bureau periodical, and writing legends in English for the collection of Argentine lantern slides, and frequent interviews with officials in the department and several newspaper correspondents.

On the 16th my sister, Mrs. Nellie M. Winchester, who had temporarily appointment with the Vocational Education Board, received notice that her appointment could not be extended. This was a great disappointment to her because she liked the work and had hoped that it might become permanent. She announced her intention of returning to Winworth, her country home near Sunny Hill.

On the 18th, at the request of Dr. Taylor, I discussed the Rome project with Dr. Michaels, who had spent some time in Russia and the Balkans; Dr. Stein, in charge of the statistical and

(1924)

E--1489.

1398

historical section; ~~and~~ Mr. Marquis, in charge of the publicity activities of the bureau; and Mr. Callander. From the unanimity with which these gentlemen urged me to accept the assignment to the International Institute of Agriculture and the striking similarity of their arguments I ^{inferred} ~~readily perceived~~ that they were acting under instructions from the chief of bureau.

On the 20th I dictated a series of letters of introduction to officials in Argentina for an employe of the Bureau of Entomology who was about to visit that country to verify the contention of those officials that there was no Mediterranean fruit fly in Argentina as alleged by our Horticultural Board.

Now that our house was set in order we began unpacking our trunks and arranging our belongings. With new rugs on the floors, curtains on the windows, and gas heaters in lieu of the old and inefficient latrobes, we began to feel comfortable. My niece and her husband, orchestra musicians at Frederick, took mother and sister out to their farm. Otis and a boy friend spent the entire day and evening trying to install a cheap radio set, but without success. I wrote a letter to Mr. Asher Hobson, the American Delegate at the Institute in Rome, regarding the census project to the effect that while it appealed to me strongly I was not prepared to make the sacrifice involved under the conditions prescribed as I understood them.

On the 23d I met my old friend, Charles J. Brand, then employed as an economist in the office of the Secretary, who remarked that the crop reporting service had been under fire and unsatisfactory ever since I left it. At the Farm Hands Club luncheon I heard an interesting account of the new Cooperative Grain Marketing Corporation with headquarters at Chicago by Mr. Gray Silver, former representative at Washington of the

historical section; and Mr. Marquis, in charge of the publicity activities of the bureau; and Mr. Callender. From the unanimity with which these gentlemen urged me to accept the assignment to the International Institute of Agriculture and the striking similarity of their arguments I ~~readily~~ ^{immediately} perceived that they were acting under instructions from the chief of bureau.

On the 20th I dictated a series of letters of introduction to officials in Argentina for an employee of the Bureau of Entomology who was about to visit that country to verify the contention of those officials that there was no Mediterranean fruit fly in Argentina as alleged by our Horticultural Board.

Now that our house was set in order we began unpacking our trunks and arranging our belongings. With new rugs on the floors, curtains on the windows, and gas heaters in lieu of the old and inefficient latropes, we began to feel comfortable. My niece and her husband, orchestra musicians at Frederick, took mother and sister out to their farm. Otis and a boy friend spent the entire day and evening trying to install a cheap radio set, but without success. I wrote a letter to Mr. Asher Hobson, the American Delegate at the Institute in Rome, regarding the census project to the effect that while it appealed to me strongly I was not prepared to make the sacrifice involved under the conditions prescribed as I understood them.

On the 25th I met my old friend, Charles J. Brand, then employed as an economist in the office of the Secretary, who remarked that the crop reporting service had been under fire and unsatisfactory ever since I left it. At the Farm Hands Club luncheon I heard an interesting account of the new Cooperative Grain Marketing Corporation with headquarters at Chicago by Mr. Gray Silver, former representative at Washington of the

(1924)

E--1490.

1391

American Farm Bureau Federation. He seemed to be very optimistic but some months later the corporation failed. ¶ This week we were all busy with Christmas shopping. On Christmas eve we were up late trimming a Christmas tree in the parlor, wrapping numerous presents in tissue paper and tying them with ribbons, and sticking red and gilt labels on them. It meant several hours of hard work. We had gone through this for several years and each time I protested at the unnecessary work, which usually lasted until long after midnight, but my wife would not consent to simplify matters. With each Christmas there was an ever widening circle of relatives and friends, and mere acquaintances, who must be remembered. Then on Christmas morning we had to remove, usually by tearing and cutting,, the wrappings from all these packages to get at their contents, which also meant a mountain of litter to be cleared up.

In other words Christmas had become for us not only expensive but a veritable nightmare of preparation and work which I had come to dread as an ordeal, unnecessary, and not justified except for the pleasure it gave little children.

I have never liked the giving of presents except to children. In the case of adults who have means to buy the things they want or fancy, it is difficult to select anything that will give them pleasure as a gift. If it is an expensive gift it carries with it a sense of obligation. If it is an article of wearing apparel or personal adornment it may not suit their taste, and yet they cannot protest and it carries with it the obligation to show appreciation by wearing it. If it is a book, it may be one they have already read or may not care to read, and yet they feel under obligation to read it. If it is any other article they may have no desire for it, no use for it,

American Farm Bureau Federation. He seemed to be very optimistic but some months later the corporation failed. This week we were all busy with Christmas shopping. On Christmas eve we were up late trimming a Christmas tree in the parlor, wrapping numerous presents in tissue paper and tying them with ribbons, and sticking red and gilt labels on them. It meant several hours of hard work. We had gone through this for several years and each time I protested at the unnecessary work, which usually lasted until long after midnight, but my wife would not consent to simply matters. With each Christmas there was an ever widening circle of relatives and friends, and more acquaintances, who must be remembered. Then on Christmas morning we had to remove, usually by tearing and cutting, the wrappings from all these packages to get at their contents, which also meant a mountain of litter to be cleared up.

In other words Christmas had become for us not only expensive but a veritable nightmare of preparation and work which I had come to dread as an ordeal, unnecessary, and not justified except for the pleasure it gave little children. I have never liked the giving of presents except to children. In the case of adults who have means to buy the things they want or fancy, it is difficult to select anything that will give them pleasure as a gift. If it is an expensive gift it carried with it a sense of obligation. If it is an article of wearing apparel or personal adornment it may not suit their taste, and yet they cannot protest and it carries with it the obligation to show appreciation by wearing it. If it is a book, it may be one they have already read or may not care to read, and yet they feel under obligation to read it. If it is any other article they may have no desire for it, no use for it,

(1924)

E--1491.

1400

and no place for it, and yet because it is a gift they cannot dispose of the condemned thing until they think its absence will not be noticed or discovered by the donor. And then there is the embarrassment caused when one of two friends sends the other a gift and the other has either forgotten or thought that the relationship did not justify a present. I have talked with many others about the growing custom of the wholesale exchange of Christmas presents and they all agreed with me that it has become burdensome and that all the joy we had as children in giving and receiving presents has gone out of it. But not one of us has the courage to be the first to discontinue the practice. For many years my mother has said at the beginning of December, "Now, children, do not give me anything for Christmas, because I do not intend to give you anything," to which we readily agree. Quite as regularly we wholly disregard this agreement, express to each other our appreciation of our gifts, keep them on view for a few days, and then they are put away and rarely seen.

Christmas week in a government ^{department} in Washington is always quiet because so many officials and employes are trying to use up the remnants of their allowance of annual leave. The packing cases containing the material accumulated in Argentina ^{were} ~~was~~ delivered this week and I proceeded to unpack and arrange them. On the 30th at the Fam Hands Club luncheon I heard an interesting talk on Asia Minor and another on the great Muscles Shoals project. The weather for the week was cold and disagreeable and I suffered from a tooth. I had to have it out in order to get some sleep. ^{PP} So ^{ed} ends this adventurous year, a happy year for me and my family, but ending in disappointment at our home coming to which we had looked forward so eagerly, all because of the con- ^{di} ~~con~~ dition of our house and the unsatisfactory situation in the De-

and no place for it, and yet because it is a gift they cannot dispose of the condemned thing until they think its absence will not be noticed or discovered by the donor. And then there is the embarrassment caused when one of two friends sends the other a gift and the other has either forgotten or thought that the relationship did not justify a present. I have talked with many others about the growing custom of the wholesale exchange of Christmas presents and they all agreed with me that it has become burdensome and that all the joy we had as children in giving and receiving presents has gone out of it. But not one of us has the courage to be the first to discontinue the practice. For many years my mother has said at the beginning of December, "Now, children, do not give me anything for Christmas, because I do not intend to give you anything," to which we readily agree. Quite as regularly we wholly disregard this agreement, express to each other our appreciation of our gifts, keep them on view for a few days, and then they are put away and rarely seen.

Christmas week in a government in Washington is always quiet because so many officials and employees are trying to use up the remnants of their allowance of annual leave. The packing cases containing the material accumulated in Argentina was delivered this week and I proceeded to unpack and arrange them. On the 30th at the Tam Hams Club luncheon I heard an interesting talk on Asia Minor and another on the Great Muscles Shoals project. The weather for the week was cold and disagreeable and I suffered from a tooth. I had to have it out in order to get some sleep. So ends this adventurous year, a happy year for me and my family, but ending in disappointment at our home coming to which we had looked forward so eagerly, all because of the condition of our house and the unsatisfactory situation in the De-

(1924)

E--1492.

1461

partment of Agriculture. Not in twenty years had the department been so paralyzed by gloom and discouragement as I found it on my return in December, 1924. My own future seemed uncertain because there seemed to be no place in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics which I had helped to create, I could not bring myself to accept the foreign assignment open to me under the conditions prescribed, I did not like the idea of accepting a position as a statistician or crop forecaster with a private firm that would involve headquarters in another city, so that I began to think seriously of resigning and retiring to Sunny Hill farm. This I could do to best advantage about the first of April which I thought would give me sufficient time in which to write a more detailed report of my observations in Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay.

partment of Agriculture. Not in twenty years had the department been so paralyzed by gloom and discouragement as I found it on my return in December, 1924. My own future seemed uncertain because there seemed to be no place in the Bureau of Agricultural Economics which I had helped to create, I could not bring myself to accept the foreign assignment open to me under the conditions prescribed, I did not like the idea of accepting a position as a statistician or crop forecaster with a private firm that would involve headquarters in another city, so that I began to think seriously of resigning and retiring to Sunny Hill farm. This I could do to best advantage about the first of April which I thought would give me sufficient time in which to write a more detailed report of my observations in Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay.